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THE CHURCHES AND ANTIQUITIES OF CURY & GUNWALLOE, IN THE LIZARD DISTRICT, INCLUDING LOCAL TRADITIONS.

BY

ALFRED HAYMAN CUMMINGS,

F.R. Hist. Soc., Member of the Numismatic Society of London, and Associate of the British Archæological Association; Vicar of St. Paul's, Truro, and late Vicar of Cury and Gunwalloe.

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND FREDERICK

LORD BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE,

OF WHICH CURY AND GUNWALLOE FORM A PART,

THIS EFFORT TO PRESERVE SOME OF THE ANCIENT

TRADITIONS OF WEST CORNWALL

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

"Whereby may be discerned that so fervent was the zeal of those elder times to God's service and honour, that they freely endowed the Church with some part of their possessions; and that in those good works even the meaner sort of men, as well as the pious founders, were not backward."—*Dugdale's Antiquit. Warwickshire.*

"Il y a bien des auteurs dans lesquels on trouve des choses singulieres qui ne se recontrent pas ailleurs. Cela me fait dire qu'on pourroit faire un livre fort curieux, qui contiendroit, "*τα απαξ ειρημενα,*" les choses qui n'ont été dites qu'une fois."—*Menage.*

"Of your courtesy
I pray you read the preface."

Old Play.

PREFACE.

THE following pages are not put forth as containing very great discoveries or much that is new; they were commenced at a time when the restoration of one of the oldest churches in the Lizard district was in hand, and the interest excited by one or two archæological discoveries in the parish seemed to favour the presumption that a permanent record of these would be acceptable to many beyond the immediate neighbourhood.

Thus the notes, which were intended by the writer at first only for private use, grew and multiplied, until at length they are suffered to appear in their present form.

In several instances things of great interest would, in a few more years, have been entirely forgotten —as *e.g.*, the custom of keeping Gunwalloe Day, described on page 185, and the exact position of a circle called Earth, mentioned by Camden, but for

the last fifty years known only to two inhabitants of the parish, both of whom are now nearly ninety years of age.

These particulars of historic interest I have endeavoured to rescue from oblivion, and to stereotype the record of others which might be in danger of being forgotten.

In collecting together particulars and items respecting the two parishes, which might be not only of local interest, but entertaining also to the general reader and visitor of our Cornish districts, I have availed myself freely of all the existing authorities within my reach; for while the large and cumbrous histories, whose place more properly is in the public library or the houses of the rich, are full of the richest stores of information, they are approachable by the *few*, not the many, and much of what they contain is not generally known and received.

I have drawn then upon the information contained in such books as are given in the list appended, and my acknowledgments are due to each.

For King Charles' letter and its translation I am indebted to *Henry Jenner, Esq.*, of the MSS. department British Museum, who has kindly given me every assistance, and whose paper on the Cornish language read before the Philological Society

has materially aided me in compiling the few notes I have made concerning the old language of Cornwall.

Much of the information here respecting Bochym has been most ably and willingly contributed by Richard Davey, Esq., whose kindness demands a more than passing notice, the plate of the mansion of Bochym being given to this work by him, and he having lent the Bochym Celts for the purpose of reproduction in heliotype, to illustrate the paper on them.

I have also to acknowledge the kind aid and suggestions of W. P. Courtney, Esq., the talented editor of the "Bibliotheca Cornubiensis."

To Messrs. Parker of Oxford I am under obligation for the ready way in which they placed at my disposal the block for the illustrations on p. 10.

All the heliotype plates have been prepared from photographs taken especially for the work by Mr. Beringer of Helston.

To all the subscribers my apologies are due for the somewhat delayed publication of the work. It was commenced in a period of comparative leisure, and when there was every prospect of its completion at or about the same time as the restoration of the church at Cury.

With very little warning the writer was removed

from the seclusion of a country parish to S. Paul's, Truro, a very poor and populous district; and for months literally *no* opportunity was afforded of putting pen to paper to complete what had been already begun.

The church at Cury needed constant supervision, and amid the many cares and incessant labour of a town parish the projected book had to be laid aside.

The prospectuses were issued, and subscriptions had been received, or in all probability the work had never been published. Its completion has, however, been a source of great enjoyment to the writer, and in the fullest sense a recreation in the midst of a toiling and busy life. It is hoped that its many imperfections may be overlooked in the good object which prompted the undertaking.

S. PAUL'S, TRURO,
Christmas, 1874.

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INTRODUCTION.

MUCH has been written, and well, of the tongue of land jutting out into the sea, that Meneâge or Lizard district, which forms the Cornish Chersonesus of the ancients, and certainly this portion of the Cornish coast richly deserves all the encomiums that have been lavished upon it; the whole of the district from the Looe Bar, across through Helston to Falmouth, or round the coves and headlands of its shore line to the harbour, which is second only to Plymouth and Milford Haven, is full of interest, and a visitor, whether he come as a naturalist, an archæologist, an artist, or simply a tourist, working hard in search of rest, fresh air, and grand scenery, cannot fail to be more than satisfied with the feast here spread out for "*one and all.*"

The meneâge is, as its name has been taken to imply, a "*stony*" district;* but its attractions are none the less for that.

* Some have given another interpretation to the name John says, in his fanciful way ("A Week at the Lizard"),

The serpentine rocks at Kynance, or the quarries of Poltesco, the lovely bit of coast scenery at the former place, never to be forgotten by any who have once visited it, the rare heaths and other plants of the Goonhilly, the remains of Roman stations, ancient sepulchral monuments, and prehistoric antiquities, the grand old ecclesiastical buildings,* still containing splendid examples of early art both in granite and oak cavings, all combine to form a rich field for investigation, and promise full remuneration for the interest and labour bestowed.

the whole of the district south of Helston is called Meneage a name by which antiquarians, who maintain the Oriental origin of many of the Cornish names, derived from a Persian word for "a low plant" (heath) of which brooms are made.

* Within the small compass of the Lizard district are no less than 12 churches, most of them of great antiquity, and all full of interest to the ecclesiologist and antiquary.

The "number" has been adduced as part proof of the theory that in ancient days this was a well populated district.

SAINT CORANTYN.

To gather whereso'er they safely may,
The help which slackening piety requires,
Nor dream that they perforce must go astray,
Who tread upon the foot marks of their sires.—WORDSWORTH.

NEARLY midway between Helston and the Lizard lies the parish of Cury, the church town, as the main cluster of cottages is called (in other parts of England, the village, in Cornwall always the church town), very nearly a mile distant from the high road, so that those who have driven only from Helston will perchance have seen the weather-beaten tower but from a distance. Yet it has its attractions.

Tradition has it that, in the ages that are gone, the *menêg* tract of country contained dense forests,*

* Norden says (p. 21) Cornwall was all forest, "tota fuit foresta," and among the fines of the reigns of Richard's and John's times, the deafforestation of Cornwall. "Homines Cornubiæ . . . pro deafforestanda tota Cornubia."

The Bishop of Exeter, and the barons, knights, and all others, of the county of Cornwall, gave M. et CCC. marcis

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and that in the wilds thereof were the rude dwellings of the early saints who came to convert the Celtic race.

Of these Dr. Borlase names two, St. Corantyn and S. Rumon, both of whom were afterwards Bishops of Cornwall, and he distinguishes S. Corantyn or S. Cury as the first Cornish apostle of any note.

The early inhabitants of Cornwall seem to have

"pro deafforestatione et aliis libertatibus."—Madox, Cornubia.

A MS. in the Bodleian Lib., containing a history of S. Ruan, mentions the *menêg* as the Sylva Nemea, a forest infested with wild beasts, and Leland's Col. v. iii., pp 152-153, "Nemea sylva in Cornubia plenissima olim ferarum, S. Rumonus faciebat sibi oratorium in sylva Nemæa."

The present state and desolation of the Goonhilly downs must not be considered evidence that they were at no time covered with wood, nor frequented by wild animals. In other parts of the county, now equally unproductive, appearances have been discovered indicative of a period when forest scenery was not unknown. In 1740 large pieces of unknown timber were dug up near Hayle, in such a position that they must have grown near the place where they were discovered. A few years later on an oak tree, with branches and leaves, was found at a depth of 30 feet below the surface in th parish of Sennen ; near the same spot were discovered many horns, teeth, etc., of large deer. Parts of the strand between Penzance and S. Michael's Mount present indications of a forest of oak, willow, and hazel, the stumps of which firmly rooted in the soil were only a few years since distinctly visible at low water—the ancient name of S. Michael's Mount was Carick-Luze in Coos, or "the hoar rock in the wood."

maintained a close connection with the Celtic inhabitants of Amorica and Ireland. It certainly is not a little remarkable that go back, as we will, as far as tradition or history can take us, yet at the *earliest* period that we know anything of Cornwall Christianity was already established there.

The legends and names of the Cornish saints are in every respect similar to those in Ireland, and it is peculiarly interesting that there are several of them whose names are preserved in connection with churches on both shores of the channel, patron saints equally well known in this peninsula of the meneâge and on the opposite coast of Britany.

The Bretons emigrated from Cornwall and Wales into Armorica, *circa* 450-500 A.D., and carried with them their bishops and priests. One colony were Danmonii, and a district in Armorica was called Danmonium.*

Many Cornish names are still extant in Britany. Trevanion, Caerhayes, and Grylls Castle—the gateway of which bears the arms of the Cornish family of Grylls. The inhabitants of Britany still possess†

* Lobineau's Hist. of Britany, as quoted by Polwhele, vol. I, p. 8.

† Polwhele, writing in 1806, remarks, in his book concerning the language and literature of Cornwall, p. 26, that the late Mr.

many of the British words, adulterated with an impure alloy of barbarous French, and Ireland still retains a dialect of the ancient British or Celtic language. Speaking of the disadvantages attending the suppression of the Cornish language, Bishop Gibson (1678-1700), in his addition to Camden's Cornwall, adduces "the loss of commerce and correspondence with the Amoricans, under Henry VII., before whose time they had mutual interchange of families and princes with them."

S. Corantyn, to whom the church of Cury was dedicated by Walter Bronscombe, Bishop of Exeter, Sep. 1, 1261,* seems to have passed into this country through Ireland, the nursery of so many of our Cornish saints. As there are two churches in the county dedicated to him so there are two accounts of his life. Dr. Borlase says of him—"S. Corantine, now called Cury, was the first Cornish apostle of any note. Born in Britany he first preached in his own country and Ireland, till being driven away by violence he betook himself to the

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Trevanion, of Carhayes, in Cornwall, in a tour through Bretagne, was greatly surprised at the echoes of his own name and seat, for he found both a Trevanion and a Carhayes. And the French emigrants at Bochym, in 1793, were delighted with the similarity of Cornish names to their own, particularly Bochym and Penquite.

* Bishop Bronscombe died in 1280. Pol. II, 124.

life of a hermit, and settled at foot of a mountain called Menehout (Menheniot) in the diocese of Cornwall. At the entreaty of Grallonus, King of the Armoricans, he was consecrated Bishop of Cornwall by S. Martin, Bishop of Tours, and died in 401."

Animadverting on this, another historian says that he must certainly have died much earlier, as Melor, who was murdered soon after the first reception of Christianity into Cornwall, was educated in his monastery. He settled first as a hermit on that part of the coast where now stands the chapel of Corantyn, or Cury, and from this retirement seems to have been drawn by the King of Cornwall to take charge of the monastery of Menheniot.

Certain it is that many of the very numerous Cornish saints came from Ireland. Fuller quaintly remarks—"Cornwall is the Cornucopia of saints (mostly of Irish extraction), and the names of the towns and villages the best nomenclator of the devout men of this age (the 6th century)," and he adds with considerable point—"If the people of that province have as much holiness in their hearts, as the parishes have sanctity in their names, Cornwall may pass for another Holy Land in public reputation."

One of these many Irish saints must have made a perilous voyage, if all be true, as there is a tradition handed down among the S. Agnes Scilly Islanders that S. Warna came over from Ireland in a little wicker boat, covered on the outside with raw hides, and that he landed *here* in this Sancta Warna bay.*

In the Taxat Benef., 1291, the Valor of Pope Nicholas, Cury is called Eccles. S. Ninani, which Ninian was a noble Briton, who died in 432.† In the King's Books it is called "Cap. de Corantin, *alias* Cury,"‡ and this accords with a remark in Dr. Oliver in his Monasticon,§ referring to the gradual altering of the divisions and boundaries of the parishes, he

* Troutbeck Scilly Isles, p. 149. Respecting the influx of Irish saints, Leland (Kin. v. 3, p. 4), speaking of S. Briaca immortalized in the old Cornish couplet—

Germow mahtern, Breage lavethas.
Germow was a king, Breage but a midwife,

says, "Breaca venit in Cornubiam comitata multis sanctis; inter quos fuerunt Sinninus abbas qui Romæ cum patritio fuit. Marnanus monachus, Germochus *rex*, Elwen, Crewenna, Helena, Tecla, Breaca appulit sub Revyer cum suis, quorum partem occidet Tewder. Breaca venit ad Pencair. Breaca venit ad Trenewith. Breaca edificavit eccles. in Trenewith et Talmeneth, ut legitur in vita S. Elwini.—POLWHELE, ii. 129.

† Collier's Eccles. Hist. v. 1, p. 43.

‡ Polwhele ii., p. 129. Hichins, p. 352. Lyson, v. iii., p. 76.

§ Monast. Dio Exon. p. 437.

instances—"What is now the parish of Cury was formerly within the parish of S. Corentinus, and contained a small chapel, licensed by Bishop Stafford, in favour of the monks of Hales who might come down to visit their property there."

In the Exeter Martyrology it is "Festum beati Corentini Episcopi et Confessoris, 1 Maii."

THE CHURCH.

"In that most miserable period of our history, when it pleased God to give those presumptuous men the power, we know too fatally how they employed it. Was there anything ancient or beautiful in the House of God that they spared? Nothing. Was there anything that spoke of Catholic customs, or that was likely to foster true devotion to God, that met with favour at their hands? Nothing. They tore down our altars, they destroyed our painted windows. All carved work in wood and stone they levelled to the dust. It is even said that Cromwell frequently made the churches into lodgings for his soldiers, and, what was far worse, into stables for his horses."

THE Church of Saint Corantyn now stands in the centre of a little knot of cottages, and curiously enough, the level of the turf in the churchyard and on the graves is now some feet above that of the surrounding road.

This has been caused, it is conjectured, by the gradual raising of the ground by the interment of successive generations. Its present height is suggestive, if other evidence were wanting, of the antiquity of the structure, in which, it is said, the Liturgy was first read in English.

The edifice itself consists of chancel and nave, with a tower at the western end, a north aisle, and south transept, which has belonged for generations to the Bochym manor and family, and is called the "*Bochym aisle.*"

The porch as at present is a modern invention.

There is some doubt as to whether the church was originally cruciform; it clearly belongs to three periods, the sole remains of the earliest being the Norman doorway at the south entrance, of XI. century date, the nave and chancel is XIV. century, and the north aisle, which contains a window of very rare type, of XV. century work.

The carved oak roof in this aisle, portions of which have been denuded of whitewash and plaster in the course of restoration, must have been a beautiful one in the days that are gone.

The small remnants of carving that remain have been carefully preserved and restored, as far as possible, to their original positions.

In his "Churches of West Cornwall, Mr. Blight thus notices the interior of the church (p. 30):—

"The aisle, of XV. century character, is connected with the nave by six four-centred arches, the piers are shafted at the angles, the space between each being a plain cavetto mould; the capitals are ornamented with a simple and angular kind of foliage.

The east window of this aisle is the largest in the building, and has four lights with geometrical tracery; the soffit of the splay is filled with quatrefoil ornamentation—a very rare feature."

Below this window the masonry bears clearly the traces of an altar ledge. Perhaps a reredos has been let into the wall, but which, having been removed, the wall has been made good, after a rough-and-ready fashion.

The alabasters found in the rood-loft staircase (described at page 19) may possibly have formed part of the altar-piece here, and being destroyed at the time of the Reformation, the pieces were buried in the rubbish with which the rood-loft opening was filled up. We have probably in this only an illustration of the truth, "One extreme begets another." The Homilies of 1562 contained one against the peril of idolatry and superfluous decking of churches; but the neglect of churches immediately after the Reformation was so general as to call for an additional Homily for the "repairing and keeping clean, and comely adorning of churches."*

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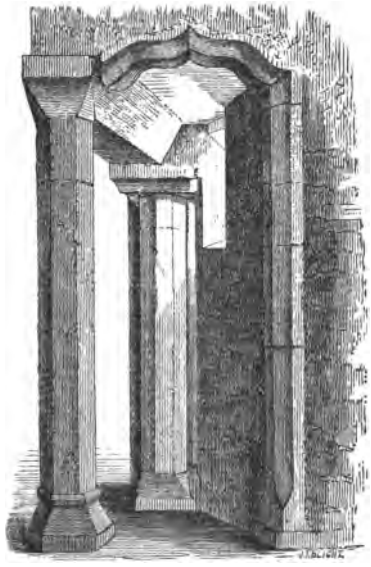
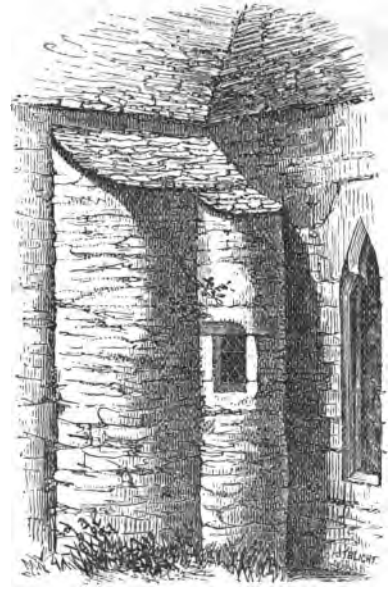
* II. *Book of Homilies*, iii.—It "is a sin and shame, "as the latter expresses it, "to see so many churches, and so foully decayed, almost in every corner. If a man's private house wherein he dwelleth be decayed, he will never cease till it be restored again."

"And shall we be so mindful of our common base houses,





HAGIOSCOPE.

INTERIOR. EXTERIOR.

At the junction of the chancel and transept a remarkable hagioscope is formed by a large chamfer of the angle, the superstructure being supported by a detached shaft, and arches to small responds of similar character. *(See illustration.)*

A similar arrangement exists in other churches of the Lizard district, as at Landewednack and S. Mawgan. In the former of these, however, there is an arrangement, of which no traces exist at Cury, viz., a block of stone of rude character projecting from the foundation of the wall into which it is built, used no doubt by those who came to the window to stand upon.

In Cury the wall externally has been thickened out into two rounded projections, on the inner side of the smaller of which is a window, which may have been used as "low side window." Within, it is 4 ft. 7 in. above the floor, and its dimensions are 1 ft. 4 in. high by 9 in. wide.

The purposes of these Lychnoscopes, low side windows, and all comers' apertures, as they are called, are supposed to have been very various. That they were used for witnessing mass, receiving

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deputed to so low occupying, and be forgetful toward that of God, wherein be administered the words of our eternal salvation, wherein be intreated the sacraments and mysteries of our redemption?"

the host, confession, and doles, seems pretty well proven. More particularly, however, were they for the solitarii, or lepers, who were not admitted to the interior of the sacred edifice, and they are found, as might be expected, most frequently in the churches near which existed a Lazar-house in the middle ages.*

In Cornwall most of the churches have low side windows, and this is accounted for by the fact that there were hospitals for lepers at various places in Cornwall, the inhabitants of which county seem to have been much afflicted with the fearful scourge.

M. Michel,† speaking of "the Cagots," a proscribed tribe in the Pyrenees, says:—"In many places, as at Lucarré, in the arrondissement of Pau, and at Claracq, in the Canton of Thèze (the department of the Pyrenees), where the Cagots were admitted to partake of the Holy Sacrament, they were still kept apart from other people, *and the consecrated bread was reached to them at the end of a rod or cleft-stick*," suggesting at once the method of communicating the lepers in Cornwall.

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* There is an interesting article in Long Ago, Vol. I. p. 45, on "Leprosy in the Middle Ages."

† Histoire des Races Mandites de la France et de l'Espagne.

Carew has a quaint passage on this subject :—

"Lazar-houses, the deuotion of certaine Cornish gentlemen's ancesters erected at Minhinet, by Liskerd, S. Thomas by Launceston and S. Laurence by Bodmyn, of which the last is well endowed and gouerned. Concerning the other, I have little to say, vnlesse I should eccho some of their complaints that they are defrauded of their right.

"The much eating of fish, especially newly taken, and therein principally of the liuers, is reckoned a great breeder of those contagious humours, which turne into Leprosie: but whence soeuer the cause proceedeth, dayly euents minister often pittifull spectacles to the Cornish men's eyes, of people visited with this affliction; some being authours of their owne calamity by the forementioned diet, and some others succeeding therein to an hæreditarius morbus of their ancestors, whom we will leaue to the poorest comfort in miserie, a helplesse pittie." (*Carew*, p. 68.)

Hals, quoted by Polwhele,* writing of Bodmin, names the Lowres Hospital, *i.e.*, a hospital of lepers (lowre, loure, or lower, is a "leper"), which was founded by the piety and charity of the well-disposed people in the county in former ages for the relief, &c., of all such people as should be

* Population, p. 88, and Vol. II. p. 112.

visited with that sickness called the Elephantiasy, in Latin lepra elephantiasis, in English leprosy, in British lowresy.

From his account it would appear that, though common in Asia, the disease was first brought here by seamen and traders from Egypt about A.D. 1100. We know that, in the following century, so wide spread was the disease, which had become hereditary or contagious, or both, that it was made the subject of legal enactments all over Europe; and was indeed the occasion of the establishment by the Crusaders of the military and religious order of S. Lazarus.

About this time, the far-famed hospital at Burton Lazars in Leicestershire was established and endowed, chiefly through the exertions of a gentleman named Mowbray, who was himself a leper; and all the Lazar-houses in the kingdom were afterwards made subject to this one, and ultimately to S. John's Hospital of Jerusalem in London.

But to return from this digression to the subject of Cury Church. Little more than the foregoing could have been said of it previous to *the work of* RESTORATION being taken in hand, and which has been at length accomplished in the face of uncommon difficulties.

That work, however, and the necessary examina-

tion of the walls incident thereon, brought to light at least two interesting discoveries, besides the rescue of the oak carving of the wall-plate from its wretched covering of plaster.

During the winter of 1872-3 the gales which occasioned the very many disastrous wrecks on the Cornish coast wrought also serious damage to the old and time-worn structure of the church. The spring of '73 found the roof "riffled" and stripped of its covering to such an extent that it was determined to make a strenuous effort to restore it in the proper sense of the word.

Things were at their worst—daylight through the roof, water welling up through the floor and in new-made graves, the north wall bulging many inches, almost feet, out of the perpendicular, further patching was useless.

It was *then*, in the thorough examination of the whole fabric, that one after another objects of interest were discovered, which not only evidenced how ancient the building is, but suggested many questions of interest to the thoughtful enquirer as to the records of past ages now remaining walled up beneath and covered by the monstrous plaster coats worn by so many of our country churches, as utterly ugly as was Cury, in all their deformity of paint and whitewash, but only requiring to be stripped of their dirty skin and scraped to the bone

to yield as satisfactory a reward,—needing only to be seen to be appreciated.

In the commencement of the work at Cury, the eastern end of the north aisle contained some half-dozen high chambers or pews, of the old and now happily almost obsolete pattern. The removal of these was determined on, and was one of the first works performed. *Then* was seen what had been hidden many a long year behind the panels of these "family graves," as some one calls them—a piscina in the south corner of the angle formed by the pillar and the wall, which would seem to support the theory before advanced that at one time a sort of lady-chapel, with an altar under the window, had been formed by the rood-screen, which, stretching right across the aisle, would shut off the eastern end of it.

Unless an altar had existed here, there could be no possible use for the piscina; and as a rule in English churches, where the private altars have been destroyed, the piscina generally remains to mark the situation where each was placed.

In their munificence private individuals often built an aisle with a chantrey-chapel at the east end, partly enclosed by screen-work, or annexed to the church a transept or additional chapel endowed as a chantrey, in order that remembrance might be specially and continually made of them in the offices

of the church; and it is not improbable, looking at the character of the roof and east window of the aisle in Cury, so very different from the other portions of the building, together with the evidences of an altar, that a chantrey-chapel existed here.

It may not be uninteresting to note a few instances of such bequests for the reparation of a particular church or some work connected therewith:—

Wm. Bruges, Garter King of Armes, 1449.

"To the whyche said chirch Y bequeth a gret holy water scoppe (stoup) of silver, with a staff benature (the asperges), the said benature and staff weying xx nobles in plate and more."

John Wilcocks, of Chipping Wycombe, 1506.

"My body to be buried in the church of All Hallondon on Wye, before the rood. To the repair of our Lady's Chapel of my grant xxiii^{s} iv^{d}. I will that my executors pay the charge of new glazing the windows in the said chapel."

Testamenta Vetusta.

Sir William de Erghum, 1346.

"Item do et lego ad opus unius Capellæ annexæ Ecclesiæ de Somerthy X marc."

Testamenta Eboracensia.

Thomas de la Mare, Canon of York Cathedral, 1358.

"Item Ecclesiæ de Welwick pro renovatione magnæ fenestræ Cancelli ejusdem Xmarcas. Item ad Cooperacionem Cancelli de Brotherton XL^{s}."

(Ibid.)

Sir Marmaduke Constable, Knight, 1376.

"Item lego pro pavimento Cancelli Ecclesiæ de Flaynburgh viij^{s} xxvj^{d}. Item lego pro coopertura et emendacione super altare Sanctæ Katerinæ in eadem Ecclesia cum plumbo xx^{s}."

(Ibid.)

John Middleton, 1611. In Dei no ' i 'e. Amen.

"Furste, I bequeath my soull to Chr^{s}, my bodie to be buried in the Chapell of our Lady w'in the Churche of Longefield. It'm. I bequeathe to the highth ault' vi^{d}. It'm to the mayntenance of the rode ligtht in the saide Churche a cowe, the whiche I wille in the keping of some honeste p'son, to the said use, according to the discretion of myn exec'."

Testamenta Vetusta.

Proceeding with the examination of the eastern end of the north wall of the aisle, probing the wall, covered with its 3-inch coat of plaster and whitewash, I came upon a large upright slab of Purbeck, fixed in the wall after the manner of a door, in a spot highly suggestive of a hidden way to the rood-loft.

On removing the slab, a staircase discovered itself, but the whole opening was filled to the height of five or six feet with *debris*, lime, and human bones, which I proceeded carefully to remove with the hands. Buried some two feet in the mass, I came upon a carved alabaster head, evidently that of our Saviour, about the size of one's two fists doubled together; further down, other fragments turned up; and by the time the whole staircase was emptied, I had fourteen heads and some hundreds of fragments.

The rood-loft staircase and doorway are perfect. Sifting the earth afterwards very carefully, I recovered about fifty more pieces of alabaster, and now the work remains to piece them together, and discover if possible the original design of the whole. This will be more difficult than at first appears. The attitudes of the heads seem to suggest that it was an altar-piece or reredos, and represented our Lord (as a central figure) blessing the Cup, the disciples all standing round in attitudes of reverence or adoration.

The whole of the figures were originally painted and gilt, and the work, so far from being of a rude character, is rather the contrary.

This may have been the altar-piece in the lady-chapel, if such existed. It is scarcely possible the

figures were a portion of the Holy Rood, as in the fragments recovered there is no trace of the Cross. The *Holy Rood, however*, though *generally* placed at the entrance of the chancel, was not always so. Sometimes it was inserted in niches, or let into the wall near the entrance door, and frequently contained other figures besides that of our Saviour, *e.g.* :

"This rood was not compleat without the images of the Virgin Mary and St. John, one of them standing on the one side, and the other on the other side of the image of Christ, in allusion to the passage in S. John's Gospel, xix. 26."—*Staveley's Hist.*, p. 199.

"Likewise, above the top of all, upon the wall, stood the most famous rood that was in all the land, with the picture of Mary on one side of our Saviour, and that of S. John on the other, with two glittering Archangels, one on the side of Mary, and the other on the side of John."—*Ancient Rites of Durham—Glossary of Arch.*, p. 181.

From their position, and the appearance of the whole place, those in Cury must have been buried for a considerable period of time, probably broken to pieces, pitched in the staircase, and walled up by the Puritan reformers, of whose pious doings we have such lasting record, both in history and permanent disfigurement of our churches.

It was in the first year of Edward VI. reign (1548) that these images (rood) were ordered to be taken down throughout England.* In 1553, the first of Queen Mary, they were set up again,† and in 1560, the third of Elizabeth, they were again removed and sold.

But the crowning acts of desecration were reserved for more perilous times, more fearless agents, when, in the godly zeal which prompted the Parliamentary leaders, not even the stone crosses on the roofs of the chancels and naves of our churches, and on the steeples and porches, were spared, but every ornament and embellishment, whether simply such, or capable of a symbolic, deeper meaning, was ruthlessly torn from its place and destroyed.

By the two illegal ordinances issued A.D. 1643

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* A.D. 1549, 2nd Ed. VI. "Item. Sold a rod of iron, which the curtain run upon before the rood—nine pence."—*Fuller's Church Hist.*

These injunctions of Ed. VI. were the cause of fanning the smouldering discontent of Cornwall into a flame of rebellion under Humphrey Arundell. See page

† In the "Articles set forth by Cardinal Pole to be enquired in his ordinary Visitation of his Diocese of Canterbury," 5th of Queen Mary, A.D. 1557 :—

"Item. Whether they have a rood in their church of a decent stature with Mary and John, and an image of the Patron of the same church?"—*Glossary of Arch.*, p. 181.

and A.D. 1644 by the Puritan Lords and Commons, in opposition to the Church and Crown, all crosses and crucifixes in churches, and all organs, fonts altars, and tables of stone were commanded to be, taken down and demolished.

Communion tables—for stone altars and tables were up to this period used indifferently in the performance of the Eucharistic rite, and the term *altar*, in the sense in which the Primitive Church used it, was expressly recognized and sanctioned by the Church of England in the Synod of 1640—were also ordered to be removed, candlesticks taken away, and all surplices utterly defaced.

The Journal of Dowsing,* commencing in January, 1643, details the devastation committed on the exteriors as well as the interiors of 150 churches in Suffolk and some other of the eastern counties, whilst it also clearly exhibits the gross ignorance of the agents employed in these fanatical acts of desecration. In one church, Elmset, the commis-

* "At Haver, Suffolk, Jan. 6, 1643, we broke down about 100 superstitious pictures, and 200 had been broke down before I came. We took away two Popish inscriptions with *Ora pro nobis*, and we beat down a great stoneing cross on the top of the church."—*Journal of W. Dowsing.*

"One Blesse was hired in the time of the Rebellion, for half-a-crown a day, to break the painted glass windows of the church, which were formerly very fine."—*Aubrey, in his account of Croydon, Surrey.*

sioners, finding the work had been done before their visit, "rent apieces the hood and surplice."

It was in reference to these acts that Tenison, Archbp. of Canterbury, 1694—1715, declared in his "Discourse of Idolatry" that it was "high superstition in those who, in our late unhappy revolutions, defaced such pictures, and broke down such crosses, as authority had suffered to remain entire, whilst it forbad the worship of them; and was in that particular so well obeyed, that none of them ever knew one man of the communion of the Church of England to have been prostrate before a cross, and in that posture to have spoken to it."—*Bloxam's Gothic Arch.*: p. 305.

Alabaster carvings of one kind or another are by no means uncommon in the old Cornish churches,* and doubtless many more will be brought to light as the work of restoring our early ecclesiastical structures goes on.

It is a little difficult to describe minutely those found in Cury. The fragments are so numerous and small that the attempt to join them into any-

* A few years since an alabaster group—"The Flaying of St. Bartholomew"—was found in Lostwithiel Church.

At Mabe a carved alabaster relic was discovered in a built-up aumbrey in the chancel, representing the martyrdom of an early Bishop. Of this an account is given in No. XIII of the "*Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall.*"

thing like the original form would appear from the first hopeless.

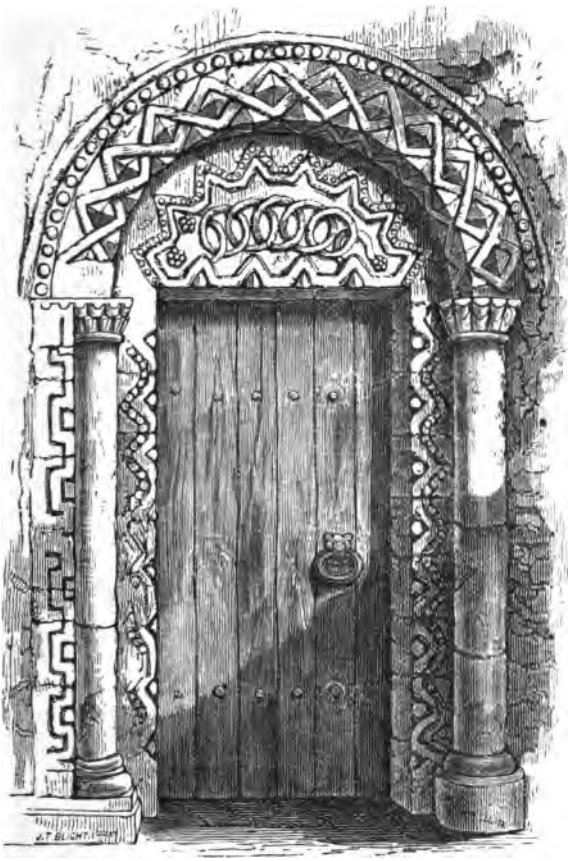
The principal head is one of our Blessed Lord, about 2¼ inches from the top of the head to the point of the beard, standing out in bold relief from a flat background quite half an inch in thickness.

The head is encircled with a twisted band, which once was painted green; the background was red, and the features, hair, and beard gilt. Sufficient of the pigment remains to trace this clearly, and the colouring seems to have been of the richest.

It is almost impossible to attempt an identification of the fragments of other figures, so broken are they. The feet are nearly all in a standing position on a green ground, apparently to represent grass, the ground being irregular and undulating. Many of the faces are in such an "uplifted" attitude, that they indicate the figure of our Lord to have been somewhat elevated above them, and this bears out what has been suggested above as to the probable subject of the piece.

Judging from the size of the fragments, heads, feet, and legs, the whole piece was probably about 2 feet high, and of proportionate width.

Later on, in the uncovering of the walls, another *doorway* discovered itself on the south side of the church, immediately opposite the former one, and



CURY CHURCH.

SOUTH DOORWAY.

in curious combination with the hagioscope and low side window.

The presence of the latter is to be accounted for by the existence in old times of Lazar-houses, but it is difficult to find a reason for two rood loft staircases.

In this case, the doorway, which is in the transept, was blocked up, not by one slab as was the opening in the north aisle, but by ordinary loose rubble masonry. The stairs turn short to the left, and passing over the arch of the hagioscope, emerge in an opening in the chancel wall, immediately where the screen originally stood.

On the stairs, buried in *debris* loosely thrown in from above, were the remains of two human skeletons, the bones of one of them being of such immense dimensions as to warrant the inference that the person in life must have been of gigantic stature.*

In the south doorway of the church we have preserved to us an exceedingly rich specimen of Norman work. Whether from a reasonable desire to retain a remembrance of the piety of the original founder, or from whatever cause it proceeds, it would would seem to have been usual with the architects

* Measuring the bones of the leg, the femur was 20½ inches long, tibia 17 inches.

In Hals' MSS. are several curious finds of bones recorded.

who succeeded the Anglo-Normans to preserve the doors and porches of those churches they rebuilt or altered; for, as in this instance, Norman doorways exist in many churches, the remaining portions of which were erected at a much later period.

The variety of Norman work on the portals of the churches in Cornwall ranges from extreme plainness to the utmost richness of ornament, those in the Lizard district being unusually handsome. At Manaccan and Landewednack are beautiful examples, and Cury falls not one whit behind them.

The semicircular stone or tympanum at the head of the Norman arch is often covered with symbolic sculpture in low relief.* This in Cury is exceedingly curious, consisting of the chain of "endless rings," the well-known emblem of eternity.†

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* Over the south doorway of Pitsford Church, Northamptonshire, S. George is represented combating with the Dragon.

The tympanum of north doorway of Preston Church, Gloucestershire, has a rude sculpture of a lamb, the Agnus Dei, bearing a cross patee within a circle. On the south doorway of Moccas, Herefordshire, is a tree, on each side of it an animal destroying a child, presumably the two bears of 2 Kings ii. 24.—*Bloxam's Gothic Arch.*, p. 91.

† In S. Martin's Church, Canterbury, there is a very beautiful font, which is full of sculptured ornamentation—circles of endless rings. It is figured in the "*Antiquarian Itinerary*," Vol. I.

This doorway was some years ago restored, when a modern porch was built over and before it. Execrably designed and executed, the Goth(ic?) architect has not only placed the ridge of his porch eighteen inches out of the centre of the arch of the doorway, but has actually cut away the eastern jambs of beautiful carved work, in order to get a bearing for his wall-plate.

It reminds one of the fashion of church restoration five-and-twenty years ago, and of a sketch which appeared about that time, but now rather scarce, and therefore worth reproducing, contained in "Hints to Churchwardens relative to the Repair and Improvement of Parish Churches." A couple of these hints will be enough, one for *exterior*, the other for *interior* restoration :—

Hint I. How to adapt a new church to an old tower with most taste and effect :

"If the tower and spire be of stone, and Gothic, let the new body of the church be built of bright brick, neatly pointed with white, the windows circular at top, and, instead of solid mullions, light iron partitions; and as shutters are considered a great convenience, that they may also serve as an ornament, it is recommended to paint them yellow.

"The church should also have round windows over the large ones to light the galleries; the roof

to be of the brightest slate that can be procured, and, instead of battlements, a stone balustrade with vases placed on it at intervals.

"The porch brick, of course, and to enliven it, the door to be painted sky-blue. Such a building will secure the churchwardens a reputation for taste and magnificence as long as the church remains, particularly as such zealous members of the community are supposed, in the accustomed beautiful, modest, and appropriate manner, to place in conspicuous parts of the building their names at full length and the date of the achievement."

Hint. II. directs "How to place a pulpit in a suitable and commodious situation."

"Let the pulpit be placed under the centre of the arch, which divides the chancel from the body of the church, and let its construction be of a nature to contrast it as much as possible with the chancel, if it should happen to be of Gothic architecture.

"For which purpose, let the base represent a doorway, through which you may see the back of the stairs of the pulpit. The body of the pulpit should be hung with crimson and gold lace, with gilt chandeliers. It should have a back to it, with two small pilasters on each side, and a commodious door to enter in at, with a large sounding board and

an angel at the top, energetically blowing a trumpet of a tolerable size. All this should appear to be suspended from the ceiling by a rich sky-blue chain and filagree iron-work. This construction, besides its contrast, has the peculiar advantage of hiding the east window and altar, not to mention its beauty and commanding situation, the back of the pulpit being thus studiously and decorously placed towards the east, and its front towards the west."

To return to Cury Church porch.

In following up a suspicion that in ancient times a holy-water stoup existed near this doorway, its exact position was not easy to guess, from the fact that sometimes the aspersorium is found placed in the porch, sometimes within the door, sometimes detached from the wall, and outside the church.*

A careful examination, however, of the wall, which upon being struck gave forth a hollow sound,

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* In the accounts of All Souls' College, Oxford, in 1458 there is a charge "pro lapidibus ad aspersorium in introitu Ecclesiæ," and its remains are still to be seen, but the "aspersorium" was not only the stoup, but sometimes the "sprinkle" placed in it.—*The Will of T. Beaufort, Duke of Exeter*, 1426. Nicholls, p. 253.

In the will of T. Hitton, clerk, Sept. 28, 1428, he desires to be buried "In Ecclesiæ Conventuali Fratrum Predicatorum Beverlaci, modicum infra ostium australe, juxta le '*haliwater-fatt.*'"—*Testamenta Eboracensia*, pub. by the Surtees Society, Part. I., p. 415.

brought to light the niche for the basin, but the basin itself has disappeared, probably at the restoration (?) above mentioned of the Norman arch, to which it is in close proximity.

It is curious to note that the stoup was not always a fixture; but the term is also applied to the vessel used for carrying about holy water to sprinkle the congregation, and which forms a necessary part of the furniture of a Roman Catholic church.

"Holi-water stoppe, de argento pro aqua benedicta cum aspersorio de argento."—*Will of Duke of Exeter*, 1426.

And in another sense Shakespeare makes the King say in *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2—

"Set me *stoups* of wine upon that table."

The font is of plain design, the bowl supported by a central pillar and four slender shafts, originally of granite, but which in some modern time of repair have been replaced by four of polished serpentine, while the granite castaways still remain in the churchyard, in the spot where they were probably thrown by the workmen.

Not the least interesting of the remains of bygone days is a quaint alms-box formed by an ingenious bit of carpentry in the oak bench end nearest the door.

As early as the year 1287, when a Synod was held at Exeter, every parish was directed to pro-

vide "cistam ad libros,"* though long before that period most of our venerable churches possessed a chest or strong box, wherein were deposited the sacred vessels and vestments, together with whatever of value pertained to the church.

Ancient writers speak of the almery or aumbry, of which large churches very often contained more than one, and in the "Ancient Rites of Durham" mention is frequently made of aumbries for different purposes.

Such chests, generally placed in the chancel, were not always confined to their original uses; but more than one instance is known of their having been turned into money-boxes.

In a Centenary of Ancient Terms in Bloxam's "Principles of Architecture" (p. 319) is given:

Almariol, Ambry, "six great plate locks with keys, brought for a certain 'armariol' in the King's Chapel A.D. 1365; an 'armariole' in the vestry for keeping the vestments in."

Here, however, we have, not a church chest adapted into an alms-box, but an ordinary oak bench end, in all other respects exactly like the rest of the bench-ends, converted into a receptacle

* See an interesting paper on "Church Chests" in the Journal of the Brit. Arch. Assoc., Vol. XXVIII., pp. 225.

for the alms of the worshippers, and that in a very original and curious manner.

A mortice has been cut in the top of the woodwork, some *four* inches in depth, the mouth of this being protected with a thin plate of iron; a lid, moving on ordinary hinges, was placed on the top of it, and, having a slit through it, the coins of the charitably-disposed passed into the receptacle below.

For safe keeping of the money so deposited, the lid is furnished with two hasps, which fall on either side of the bench end into two locks prepared for them, opening with different keys, so that, with this double precaution, the money might in primitive times be considered fairly safe. Perhaps the custom was—who knows?—for the churchwarden to have one key, the parson the other, rendering unanimity of mind and purpose between them, necessary to the proper disposal of the church's alms to the poor.

The tower, which is weather-beaten and lichen-covered, forms, from the height of its situation, a conspicuous landmark from the neighbouring hills; even from the road at its base the Wolf-rock light, nearly forty miles distant, may be seen at night, flashing its red and white gleams in friendly warning far beyond the Land's End.

Cury tower is apparently of two stages, built of granite, many of the blocks being so large that it is a matter of speculation with the beholder by what means in the early days of its erection such huge slabs were transported so long a distance (the nearest quarries are miles away) and raised to their present position.

Over the western door the initials I.H.C. are cut in a shield, and the tower contains three bells, the oldest of which is dated 1761, and has for its legend—

"Jesus de Nazareth Rex Judæorum."

Inscribed on the tenor is—

I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all. 1761.*

The parish registers go back as far as 1690 for baptisms and burials, 1691 for marriages, and the oldest entries are on vellum, but the books have been mutilated.

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* The same inscription is found on the tenor bell of S. John the Baptist, Broadclist, Devon, which has also the name of the often-employed maker, Thomas Bilbie, A.D. 1768. No maker's name is inscribed on the bells at Cury, though they may have been from the same hand.

CURY CROSS.

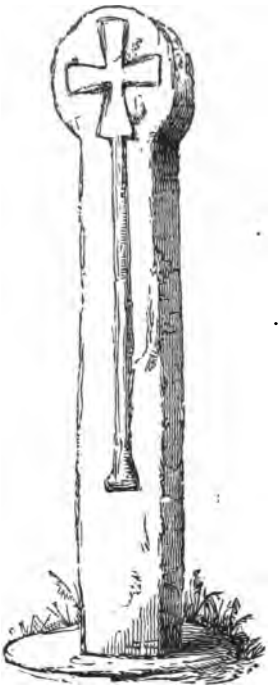
"Gospells at superstions crosses, deck'd like idols."
BRAND'S POP. ANT., Vol. 1, p. 199.

"Relics of a rude but pious age."
ISCRIPTION ON BOCONNOC CROSS.

ORNWALL contains so many antiquities of the Christian Church, that it forms a rich field for the researches of the ecclesiologist. Its crosses, which probably date back to Athelstan in 936, are very numerous, though liable, on account of their convenient size and shape, to confiscation by the farmer for service as gate-posts. In spite of this, they are to be found everywhere—in churchyards, by the roadside, in the centre of a village, or on the lonely moorland; and their use still is, and will remain, a mystery. They may have been boundary-marks, sanctuaries, praying places, or directing-posts to pilgrims; certainly some, from their very position and situation, served the last purpose.*

One of the tallest of the ancient monoliths stands at the entrance-gate, on the south side of

* Pradanack Cross, which evidently pointed the way to the chapels anciently existing at Trenance and Clahar.



CURY CROSS.

Cury Church. It is a granite cross, nine feet high, and some score years ago it was found, detached from its base, lying on the ground, and has been placed in its present position at a guess, its original situation being unknown. Very lately, the cross at Gunwalloe has been set up in the churchyard there, as being the best and most likely spot to secure its preservation, though there is every reason to believe that its original position was by the side of the small stream which runs through the cove into the sea, at the point where it is now crossed by Gunwalloe Bridge.*

Respecting the use and introduction of these crosses, of which so many examples remain to this day in Cornwall, in our churchyards, by the wayside, in the market-places, and even private gardens, it is pretty well acknowledged that the first Cornish missionaries came from Ireland, where crosses were by no means uncommon, and it is more than probable that many of the crosses in this county were erected at the period of its evangelization. It has been held that, as the Christian symbol, it would come with Christianity, and if so, would be entitled to a still earlier date than named above, somewhere about A.D. 60.

The Knights Templars, as well as the Knights of S. John, held lands in Cornwall, and the peculiar

* See Gunwalloe, p. 132.

form of their cross occurs in a few instances in the county.

One of the indulgences afforded to the Crusaders was exemption from the usual feudal services of their lords; and a practice arose of erecting crosses on their lands, to indicate that the feudatory had become the soldier of the Cross, and was exempt from the usual services due to his superior.

Sometimes these crosses marked the place of sepulture,* but not always so, even in churchyards, where one was sometimes placed near the south or chief entrance to the church, suggestive of due preparation previous to entering the sacred building. From such crosses proclamations were made, and occasionally congregations were addressed from the same spot, as was long done at Paul's Cross.

Writing of one of the old West Cornwall crosses (S. Levan) Mr. J. Sedding† thinks that it no doubt marks the old path to the church, since it was a custom in mediæval times to erect crosses at in-

* In the Border warfare, Armstrong of Mangerton, having been assassinated, was buried at Ettleton, and a cross was set over his grave. Another cross, called the Mangerton Cross, remains to this day at Millholm, on the spot where the coffin rested previously to the interment.—*Blight's Crosses*, Introd., p. v.

To a similar use do the crosses at Waltham, Charing, and elsewhere owe their erection by Edward I.

† Notes on S. Buryan Church. Trans. Ex. Dioc. Arch. Soc., Vol. II., Part 3.

tervals on the road to the church, beneath which, in a funeral procession, the body was set while the mourners rested on their way and said psalms and prayers, a custom which, in the usual processional hymn-singing at a Cornish funeral, has left its traces to this day.

This accounts too for the presence of crosses or the fragments of crosses in all sorts of out-of-the-way and unexpected situations; perhaps in the quaint words of Wynken de Worde, in *Dives and pauper*," where he justifies their erection:—" It is nothing els but a boke or a token to the lewde people for this reasone ben Crosses made by the way that whan folke passynge see the Crosse they shoulde thynke on hym that dyed on the Crosse and worshyp hym above all thyng."

In Mr. Anstey's " Munimenta Academica " there is the following from the last will and testament of Doctor Reginald Mertherderwa, rector of *S. Cridæ. Virg.* date Feb. 11, 1447.

Item. Volo quod sumptibus meis et expensis ordinentur, et de novo erigantur, novæ cruces de lapidibus, quales habentur in illis partibus in Cornubia, incipiendo a Kayr Beslasek usque ad Ecclesiam de Camborn, et ponentur in locis ubi solebant corpora defunctoram portandorum ad sepulturam deponi, pro orationibus fundendis ibidem et alleviatione portantium.

THE RESTORATION OF THE CHURCH.

E'en such is time: which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have!
And pays us nought but age and dust,
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways
Shuts up the story our days.—SIR W. RALEIGH.

THE restoration of the church proved to be a work of time and labour, far beyond what was first anticipated, and it will not be amiss to put on permanent record what has been done during the years 1873-4. It may prove a stimulus to those who in succeeding years shall be moved to do *something* for the house of God in that place.

The entire north wall of the church was found many inches out of the perpendicular, and was supported by buttresses which had been increased in number from time to time. To repair this was impossible, the only course open was to take down the whole wall from end to end, and underpin the roof while rebuilding it in its original form. All the

which are of granite, being redressed and placed in their original position.

An old doorway and steps on the north side of the church was completely useless owing to the banking up of the earth outside and the lowness of the arch, which was but four feet high. The bank was opened out, the jambs of the doorway, restored and lengthened with granite, and steps built outside the church, so that this entrance may be made available on occasions like harvest festivals when a large number of people would be gathered in the building.

The wall plate of the roof of this north aisle was found to be carved oak, the ordinary rope and leaf-pattern so common in Cornwall, but buried under three inches of plaster, it had taken no great harm. The transverse ribs of the waggon roof were all of oak, but the longitudinal had vanished, their places being filled with plaster and whitewash. This roof has been repaired most carefully, every bit of the carved work preserved wherever practicable, ribs placed through the whole length to match the cross ribs, thus restoring the ancient waggon pattern, the whole being lined with pine and varnished.

There were evident traces of bosses having once been in existence here, though there were no remains of any to be found. By the munificence of

a private friend,* the whole roof has been enriched with exquisitely carved oak bosses, which not only enhance the beauty of the roof, but also give some idea to the mind, of its original appearance. Each of the bosses is a work of art in itself, and they are executed with a skill one is unaccustomed to see in such wild and desolate districts as the Meneage.

Those blendings of fruits and flowers, figures of men and beasts, in wondrous groupings full of beauty—

"All out of the carver's busy brain,"

were a fit offering of art for the House of Him from whom flows first all gifts of skill and art, and the power to work and fashion copies of the beautiful in nature's world.

For those whose interest may lead them deeper is appended a list in detail of the subjects of the bosses, commencing from the East end.

Cornish giant and oak.	Hops.	Columbine foliage.
Boar's head and oak leaves.	Cornish miner at work.	Filberts & foliage.
Giant and columbine foliage.	Eagle and hare.	Oak and foliage.

* These bosses, 27 in number, were all designed from nature, and presented by W. Webster, Esq., of Blackheath and London.

Tiger's head and foliage.	Cornish miner.	Acorns and foliage.
Stag and oak.	Fox and grapes.	Cornish miner at work.
Sycamore foliage.	Cornish miner.	Boar hunt and oak.
Foliage.	Hops.	Brambles.
Foliage.	Ivy.	Maple leaves.

The half bosses at each end of the aisle are—

Mandrake.	Convolvolus.	Maple.

In the nave the roof was found so very far gone and rotten that an entirely new one was a necessity. Here was the great difficulty with the amateur who planned and overlooked the work. To take off the whole roof of the nave, some 50 or 60 feet in length, with a 17 to 20 feet span, was a giant work to an untried yet responsible mind. An architect was an impossibility, the low state and promise of fnnds forbade such a luxury; what was to be done must be done bit by bit, piecemeal, as money could be found.

Nothing was to be gained by temporising, so at once and boldly the old roof was removed; the author drew plans for a new one which should be somewhat in keeping wlth the rest of the church. Substituting an open roof with hammer beams and king posts for a flat whitewashed ceiling, and one or two dormer windows. The whole of the new roof was lined with pitch pine, shewing the principals

and varnished. On the ends of the sweeps small shields carved with sacred emblems and monograms picked out in colour, preserved the whole from anything approaching to monotony.

Previous to this a hideous western gallery, which blocked up the tower arch, and some 15 feet of the body of the nave and aisle, had been removed, and so throwing open the fine old tower, a good view was thus to be obtained of the whole length of the church from the western door in the tower; the doorway was recut, and so far restored as to be capable of use.

In the chancel, the roof being a fairly good one, was not meddled with exteriorly, excepting so far as to make the lead gutters necessary for the proper protection of the whole in the rainy season. Interiorly it was made to match the nave by casing the principals, and adding hammer beams and king posts.

This was also done with the Bochym aisle,* and thus the whole of the church was, so far as roof was concerned, made good and good to look at.

At the east end a very plain four light lancet window, but in very good condition, existed, and

* The whole cost of the restoration of the Bochym aisle was borne by the Davey family of Bochym, of whom see p. 62.

windows, this was allowed to remain, and does remain; untilsome kind friend will embrace the opportunity of placing stained glass there, in so fitting and beautiful position for a memorial window.

On either side of the window, in place of two zinc plates painted, are now placed four beautiful porcelain tablets upon which are illuminated in gold and colour The Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments. They were made expressly for Cury Church by the well-known manufacturers, Messrs. Copeland and Sons, and were a gift from one of the firm.*

They are of most delicate workmanship, and are of the most permanent character. The frames in which they are placed are of black oak, constructed from the remains of some of the old bench ends in the church. The design is Gothic, with trefoil ornamentation. In addition to these very handsome and costly tablets, the same friend of the author gave a set of communion plate in silver, of very plain workmanship, but exceedingly appropriate, and in keeping with the rest of the appointments.

The whole of the windows were recut and glazed with cathedral glass supplied by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, with the exception of two, which were executed in Vitremanie and Diaphanie by the

* W. F. M. Copeland, Esq., Russell Farm, Herts.

author—one in the western tower, containing the figures of the Four Evangelists, each in a niche surmounted by a Gothic canopy, and a small window over the font (the cost of which was defrayed by Mrs. Taylor, another personal friend), the subject being appropriately the Infant Saviour and the Adoration of the Shepherds.

The work of draining was not an easy one, but has been effectually accomplished, not before needed, as will be acknowledged when it is mentioned that the water before the restoration was commenced often welled up through the floors of the seats, and that, on one occasion, a funeral was delayed in the church some minutes while the water was baled out of the grave in which the coffin was to be placed.

The old family pews and dens having being demolished, the whole of the seats in the nave and aisle have been constructed of Oregon and pitch pine, varnished natural colour, and this adds greatly to the pleasing effect of the whole.

Looking back upon the work, after being permitted to see its completion, the writer cannot but be thankful at the results of what it would be false humility to deny has been an arduous task ; but the unanimity and good feeling which all those concerned in the work have evinced from beginning

to end, has made it less difficult than it might well have been, and the munificence of a few has enabled those who were responsible for the work to carry it out in a way that but for such assistance would have been impossible.*

The church was re-opened by the bishop of the diocese on the 16th July, 1874.

An early celebration fitly began the day, and at the second service, which was choral throughout, was mustered a strong choir, and not a few of the neighbouring clergy. A very crowded congregation had gathered from all parts to hear the bishop preach—which he did from Luke ii., 19.

The service concluded, the fine old house of Bochym, with its picturesque gardens and grounds, became the centre of attraction to some hundreds of people who had been drawn together by the day's event. Amusements and sale of work for the benefit of the Restoration Fund, were carried on to a late hour, and very few of these who were present will easily forget the Festival and all its train of reminiscences.

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* The whole cost of the work, including all gifts, was about £900; not one farthing of which was granted from any society or public body, and a great proportion of it raised by small subscriptions.

BOCHYM.

"Qui veult ouyr nouvelles
Etranges a compter,
Je scay les nonpareilles,
Qu, homme ne scauroit chanter,
Et toutes advenues
Depuis long tems en ça,
Je les ay retenues,
Et sçay comment il va."—OLD FRENCH SONG.

N the very edge of the bare Goonhilly downs stands in the parish of Cury, amid a luxuriance of foliage, all the more beautiful because of the succeeding barrenness, the ancient house and manor of Bochym; more than once quoted, and that truly, as "the first and last" gentleman's house in England.

It is a familiar object to those who pass along

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* From "La legende de Maitre Pierre Fai-feu."—Fifteenth century.

Those who wish to hear a ditty,
Fill'd with many a wondrous thing,
To my sonnet let them listen,
Such no other bard can sing.
Many years ago, believe me,
Chanc'd these wonders to befall,
Yet the whole, I well remember,
And intend to tell them all.

BOGHAM.

the road to or from the Lizard; that quaint old picturesque building, all corners and gables, embosomed in a bed of trees, and shrubs, and gardens.

If just fresh from Kynance, with its bare moorland face and shining rocks, the contrast is all the more striking, as the beauteous landscape bursts upon the view. One single turn of the road bringing it all before us as in a very picture, while if the contrary be the wayfarer's direction, and his face is set toward the Lizard, the bare Goonhilly will appear to him more barren for the exceeding loveliness of the spot he has but now left behind.

It may well occur to the reader what has Bochym to do with the antiquities of Cury? It is far too lovely by nature to have a share in dry and musty archæologies, much more is it likely to possess a romance of sword and siege and imprisoned maiden.

But it has both. It is, indeed, a remarkable manor and estate, with a pedigree as long as any could wish for, and a history romantic enough for the most ardent imagination; and here also was made a discovery of Celtic implements, of intense interest to the historian and antiquarian, which may help the effort to elucidate and understand

the habits and usages of those who lived in times essentially of legend and tradition.

The Saxon Conquest of Cornwall by Athelstan dates 935, though that the conquest was incomplete is to be inferred from the struggles of the Britons against the Normans a whole century later. In 997 the whole of Cornwall was desolated by the Danes, of whose incursions, however, very scanty records exist; but, in 1068, Godwin and Edmund, sons of Harold, came over from Ireland and overran the whole land. Then came the portioning out of the Domesday,* when all Cornwall was divided among six lords, three lay and three clerical, besides the royal portion.

Of the lay lords the most famous was Robert,

* This Domesday, or Domus Dei Book, called so as Stone asserts because deposited at Westminster or Winchester, was begun by order of William the Conqueror in 1080. The reason for this survey has been given, that every man should be satisfied with his own right, and not lump with impunity what belonged to another; but more probable than this (for there was already a survey in existence made by order of King Alfred), those who possessed landed estates became vassals to the king, and paid him fee or homage in proportion to what they held.

The survey was very strict and minute, so that the "*Saxon Chronicle*" records—there was not a single hide, nor one virgate of land, nor even an ox, or a cow, nor a swine, was left that was not set down.

Count of Mortein in Normandy, half brother to William the Conqueror, and to him fell the lion's share; and, in the Domesday survey, "Buchent" is included with Helston, and the surrounding manors in the "*Terræ Comitis Moritoniensis.*"

To trace one's history back to the Norman Conquest is far enough for most people, but Buchent was taxed before the days of the *Domesday Book*; for in the time of Edward the Confessor one Bristualdus held the manor, who paid "geld" or tribute to the amount of three shillings for an aggregate of 230 acres, besides 20 acres of pasture, and 20 acres of wood, on which the four *bordarii*, or cotters,* who tilled the soil were settled. This, of course, would not include any of the waste lands of the manor, which may have been very extensive, the land under cultivation being alone

* Bordarii, or borders, were in a less slave-like condition than the villain of Norman times; the name originated from their living in a cottage on the borders of the manor, and they held some land as their own, on condition of supplying the lord with poultry or other articles in kind.

But, however the serf villain, and borderer, might differ in other respects, persons who were in these respective conditions were so firmly fixed to the land on which they were born that they were not able by any act of their own to separate themselves from it; they were *adscripti glebæ*, as much in thought as in person, and probably never thought or wished to change their place.

described, and the 20 acres of wood probably refers to a certain portion of the manor in which the bordarii had the privilege of cutting fuel.

The name and etymology of "Bochym." "Buchent" has been a matter of much speculation. Beauchamp (Norman French), Bochim (Hebrew, weeping), both suggested as connections, with surely as little warrant in one case as the other. Beuch (cattle), ham (house), seems more probable, but who shall decide? As a recent writer has suggested,* let any one who feels surprised at large alterations in names, especially in ancient names existing long before their owners could read or write, remember the vexata quæstio respecting the name of Will Shakspear(e).

It may be taken for granted "that the possessors of the manor took their name from the place where they were born and bred, and if John begat James, and James begat Charles, and Charles begat Thomas, and Thomas wished to distinguish his name of Thomas from other Thomases in the neighbourhood, he called himself Thomas *de* Bochym, from the place of his birth, just as the gentleman over the way called himself Thomas *de* Bonithon."

The name Buchent, represents a sound akin

* Rev. Aug. Jessop, Helston Gram. Sch. Mag., No. 2, p. 57.

to Bokint or Bokimt, and if one only realizes for a moment how difficult it is in the present day to write correctly a strange Cornish name, on hearing it first pronounced, the mistakes and various readings of old documents will appear less remarkable. If this be taken into account, there is an entry in the fines of King John* which may have reference to the family of Bochym.

At a court holden at Launceston in the third year of King John, Sybilla, Margaret, and Juliana, daughters of one William *Baucan* (Bocin) sold to one Roger —— some land which they possessed in Penryn, the extent of which and the price is unfortunately illegible.†

The de Bochyms, at any rate, held the manor in 1549, at which time the then owner joined the rebellion raised by Humphrey Arundell, and being defeated by the king's general at Clifton, the rebels were attainted and forfeited their lives to the crown.

The quaint historian Norden thus relates it:— "Bochim, the howse wherein that instrument of rebellion Wynslade dwelled, at the time wherein he vndertooke to be one of the leaders of the Cornish rebellious troupes in their commotion in anno

* Printed by the Record Commission in 1835.

† See Fines, 7 Ric. 1, 16; Johan., vol. i., p. 352.

1549; for which being attaynted and exequuted, the lande was purchased by *Reynolde Mohune*, Esquire, since whose time it came to *Mr. Billet* by marriage."

The circumstances which led to the outbreak here referred to are so much less known, than might be supposed, that a short account of them may be worth recording here.

The suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII. created a very wide spread discontent, more especially in remote districts where monks had been of some use, and the religious houses had done least harm, and this feeling smouldered on until the accession of Edward VI. to the throne, when it only needed the injunctions of 1549, for the removal of images from the churches, to fan the smoke into a flame.

As the commissioners passed through Cornwall to carry out their instructions, one of them, Mr. Body, proceeding to this duty in Helston Church, was stabbed by a priest, whereupon all the people flocked together in a rebellion headed by Humphrey Arundell, of S. Michael's Mount.

We learn from Hals, that the principals in the murder were a priest and a Mr. Kilter, of S. Keverne, and that Mr. Body, immediately on being stabbed, fell down dead in the church at Helston, where the

riot had broken out; and, although justice was done upon the offenders, yet many of the landholders sympathized with the priests, and ejected monks who were furious, and the murder of Mr. Body only occasioned a closer union among the disaffected, who, in the words of Foxe,* "ceased not by all sinister and subtle means, first under God's name and the king's, and under colour of religion, to persuade the people then to gather sides, to assemble in companies, and gather captains, and at last to burst out in rank rebellion . . . . . the number of the whole rebellion, speaking with the least, amounted to little less than 10,000 stout traitors."

Of those who were associated as leaders with Humphery Arundell in this rebellion, Robert Bochym, of Bochym, and his brother were among the foremost, and with the exception of one other, William Wynslade, of Tregarrick, were almost the only men of respectability concerned in it.

Of those rebels Hals has the following notice:—"The manor of Mythian . . . . . was formerly the lands of Winslade of Tregorick, in

* See Polwhele, vol. i., p. 62. Life and Raigne of Kg. Edward the Sixt, by Sir J. Hayward.
Book of Martyrs, vol. v., pp. 730.

Plynt, an hereditary esquire of the white spur, who forfeited the same, with much other land, by attainders of treason, tempore Edvardi 6. So that he himself, or Queen Mary, gave those lands to Sir Reginald Mohun, of Hall, Knight, or his father, who settled them upon his younger son" (Hals, p. 3). Again he says—"Bochym gave name and original to an old family of gentlemen surnamed de Bochym, *temp.* Henry VIII., who were lords of the manor and barton, till such time as John Bochym, *temp.* Edw. VI., entered into actual rebellion against that prince under the conduct of Humphrey Arundell, Esq., governor of S. Michael's Mount, and others; whose force and power being suppressed by Lord John Russell, lieutenant-general of that prince, at Exon, and those rebels attainted of treason, their lands were forfeited to the crown. Whereupon King Edward 6 gave this barton and manor to Reginald Mohun, Esq., sheriff of Cornwall, 6th Edward VI., who gave this barton of Bochym to one of his daughters married to Bellot, now in possession thereof. The manor of Bochym he settled upon his great grandson William Mohun, Esq., now in possession thereof. Lastly, by this rebellion, Bochym lost not only his lands but his life also (Hals, p. 79)."

After the defeat and dispersion of the rebels

here described, which happened on Clifton Downs, August 19, 1549, the division of the confiscated property very soon took place.

Sir Humphrey Arundell's possessions in Devon were given to Sir Gawen Carew, and S. Michael's Mount to a Job Militon, who appears to have been sheriff of Cornwall, 1st Edward VI., 1547, and the manor of Bochym was bestowed upon Reginald Mohun.*

The deed by which the mansion was settled upon his daughter Anne Bellott, is still extant; it is dated at Bochym, 27th Oct., 1565, and the seal of one of the trustees still remains after 300 years have passed away.

By this document her husband Francis Bellott had only a life interest in the property, and in the event of no children being born to them the estate was to revert again to the Mohuns.

It is described as "totam illam mansionis domum

* He was descended through John, 8th baron, from William de Mohun who, in some authorities, is described as Lord of Dunster. This William Moyne or Mohun came with William the Conqueror, and was by him rewarded for his services in a most substantial manner, for he received as many as fifty-six lordships, and his descendants sat in Parliament as Lords de Mohun until the reign of Edward III., when John de Mohun, 9th baron, dying without male issue, the title became extinct.

et bartonem de Bochim." One of the boundaries is the stream named as "The Ribble," and it extended as "quandam arborem siccam." Apparently it was only the mansion with its gardens and grounds, about 300 acres of land; for, in 1616, the *manor* passed from the possession of William Mohun (to whom it had been willed by the Reginald Mohun, its first possessor of that name) into that of Renatus Bellott.

Doubtless a family of Bellotts had in these years grown up at Bochym, and it appeared desirable the owners of the mansion should possess also the manor; for, in a deed dated Dec. 20, 1616, "*the Manor of Bochym alias Bosym*," is made over to Renatus Bellott, in conformity with his granfather's will, for a payment of £330 on his part; oddly enough, however, only a part of the original manor is surrendered—Cury, Landewednock, Gunwalloe, and Goonhilly, going with Bochym—and other parishes enumerated, "*hitherto reputed parcel of the said manor*" being retained by the Mohun family.

The close of the year 1616, thus sees Bochym mansion and manor fairly settled in the hands of Renatus Bellott; but an ominous sentence in Hals' writing meets us. He says—"This estate of Bellott's is all spent by riot and excess, and, as I

take it, the name extinct in those parts, and this barton sold to Robinson."

This was about 1710, the Renatus Bellott who last owned it having died the year before.* What the history of the family was during the century they possessed this manor, we learn from another writer, and his record is well worth preserving.†

"This same Renatus Bellott, to whom the Manor of Bochym was conveyed, seems to have inherited his forefather's talent for making a good match." He married twice and well; first, Philippa, daughter of William Bear, Esq., of Pengelley, in S. Neots; secondly, a sister of General Monck afterwards Duke of Albermarle. The former of these was an heiress, and it is not likely that a descendant of the old Norman family of the Moncks of Potheridge would be without a suitable jointure.

Of the six children born to Renatus Bellott the eldest son did not succeed to the Bochym property, which came to the second son Christopher.

A marriage settlement deed, under date 1666 provides that—William Pendarves, Esquire, of Ros-

* The Renatus Bellott, who died of a fever in 1709, left a son of the same name, who died when eight years old, July 11, 1712.

† Rev. Augustus Jessop, M.A., Old Seats of Cornwall, in Helston Grammar School Mag., p. 127, *et seq.*

crow, should give his daughter Bridget £1,000 as her marriage portion, while Christopher Bellott should, for his part, give his wife, the said Bridget, a life interest in the house and manor of Bochym.

The signatures to this deed are wanting, and from this it would appear that the marriage portion was not paid till ten years later, on or after the death of Bridget's father, for it was in 1676, that a second deed was executed by Christopher Bellott according to the tenor of the first agreement.

During the commotions caused by the civil war the owners of Bochym seem, with most others of the Cornish gentry, to have suffered somewhat from the incursions of the belligerents—friends and foes. It may be that, in the troublous times that preceeded the Commonwealth, the Bellotts took an active part: the old mansion would form a secure retreat and hiding place for any of the "proscribed royalists" fleeing before the victorious armies which penetrated even this extreme of Cornwall—*then* it may be, if never before, the secret staircases and sliding panels in the wainscoat of the oak room were called into requisition, and gave time for flight and safety to the royalist refugee; at any rate, we may imagine that Bochym was on the king's side, and that the injury, if any, was at the hands of the

Parliamentarians, for immediately on the restoration Christopher Bellott appears before the House of Commons as a petitioner (30th July, 1660), though whether his prayer was granted or he benefitted does not appear.

In 1692 his name appears as high sheriff of Cornwall.

The next heir to the estates of Bochym, and the last of the Bellotts who possssed them, is a Renatus again, the only son of Christopher and Bridget. Brought up with seven sisters, the only boy, he was spoiled, and in manhood became a spendthrift, borrowing, mortgaging, and never paying, till at length Hals' words record the truth, and in 1712 the estates are spent and the name extinct.

He married, as his grandfather had done before him, an heiress, Mary Spour, or Spur; and, had he survived his wife, would have inherited the estate of Trebartha; she, however, outlived him as well as her son, and marrying again this property passed away for ever from the Bellott family.

In 1698 he is borrowing on Bochym £1,600, and the mortgage ten years later was not paid off, for it was then transferred from Sir William Dolben, of the Inner Temple, to William Pearce, of Tregoning, in the parish of Breage.

How the estate and others, which belonged to

Renatus Bellot, dwindled and melted away does not transpire. Likely enough the task of embellishing the old mansion, and laying out the terraces and gardens, was an expensive work; but there must have been something more than this to make up the "riotous living and excess" of the historian. If, as is said, he never paid his father's bequests or his own debts, and executed mortgage after mortgage to the very last, it is not difficult to understand; certain it is that in his will he directs that all his possessions in Devon and Cornwall are to be sold for the payment of his debts and his own and father's legacies.

A very few words tell the remainder of the family story. The son Renatus died soon after the father. In 1711, Sep. 16, died Loveday Bellott, at Exeter, of small pox; which disease, in 1717, carried off her four sisters, and in 1719 the last remaining Bridget fell a victim too.

Thus the hundred years are up, and the old mansion passed away into the hands of one after another till, for a century more, its history is little more than a mere list of names and purchase deeds.

From the Bellotts Bochym passed to the Robinson family, one of whom was M.P. for Helston in 1661.

Of the owners of Bochym, George Robinson, Esq., of Nansloe, there is a quaint story told by Hals, which is worth the attention of the curious, his death and the moral thereof, form a thrilling passage of romance. His son and successor Edmund parted with the Bochym property, in 1725, to Thomas Fonnereau, Esq., for £25,500. He is famous as having built the lighthouses on the Lizard head in 1762.* Having resided at Bochym he, no doubt, carefully superintended the construction in person; at any rate, he was near enough at hand to do so. 1780, however, brought other changes to the old Cornish manor, when it came into the possession of Mr. Cristopher Wallis, who again sold it to Sir Harry Trelawney, Bart., in 1785.

Under the reign of the baronet, Bochym lost nothing of its olden splendour we may believe;

* Apropos of those Lizard lights a singular story is current among the country folk. In the days before 1762 huge coal fires were lighted on the headland, which were kept constantly going, and a blaze created by the action of huge bellows like those of a blacksmith's forge. It is recorded in the "Week at the Lizard" (p. 11), that on one occasion, during war time, the fire was allowed to sink so low that it was scarcely visible; a government steamer passing at the time fired at the light, and the slumbering watchman was effectually aroused by the cannon ball, while happily no damage was done.

in spite of the eccentricities of Sir Harry himself, which find a record in the pages of more than one historian of Cornwall, His son, William Lewis Salisbury Trelawney, to whom the property came (as appears from a mortgage deed in 1808), again, parted with it to a Mr. Graham, of Penquoit, of whom the remarkable record remains, that the ancient tapestry hanging in Bochym was by him taken down to wrap his furniture in for removal.*

From him it came to Mr. Thomas Hartley, who, in his thirteen years' possession of the estate, allowed things to run on their natural course of decay; and this, added to the fact that he let it to a tenant farmer—who, of course, took the farmer's usual care of all the ancient relics about, accounts for the dilapidated state of the mansion when purchased by Stephen Davey, Esq., in 1825.

Under the hands of the Davey family Bochym has become once more a gentleman's mansion; the western wing of the building, which is also the ancient portion, has been restored, and considerable additions made to the main building, in accordance with some ancient plans and elevations which were found among the papers and archives of Bochym.

* Mr. Jessop, in his able paper, falls into a mistake in making Mr. Hartely the culprit who removed the tapestry; it was Graham, of Penquoit.

A charming conservatory now forms a second wing to the building, and the old terraces and gardens, with the bowling green—which, perchance, were the hobby of Renatus Bellott—have once more put on the appearance they had in the days of William and Mary, while it is quite a pride of their present possessor, Richard Davey, Esq., that, go where you will, there is never a leaf out of place.

Certainly it is as charming a landscape as one could wish; all the more charming because in such striking contrast to the rest of the district round. The wild miniature woods, the babbling brook, and rush of the water over the rocks, which have been placed to dam its course; the soughing of the distant sea, and the cry of the Bochym hounds in their kennel, as some disturbing traveller passes the road close by at the entrance lodge, form a combination of sight and sound little to be expected in the far west of our rocky peninsula.

And inside the mansion the restoration has been carried out with an unsparing hand; alas! that the tapestry and stained glass, of which the chroniclers speak,* should have disappeared.

* C. S. Gilbert (in 1814), "Bochym contains some fragments of tapestry, and also some fine specimens of painted glass."

The ancient tapestry, removed by Graham, of Penquoit, is said to have been very fine and beautiful; and tradition has it, that it was the work of Wynslade's wife and daughters, to represent his leave-taking and departure.

The stained glass survived until Mr. Hartley's time; it was given by him to Mr. Grylls, at S. Neots, and so precious were such relics of the past deemed in those days that it was carried loose in a frail (basket) by a man on horseback into Helston; the natural result being that, at the end of the journey, there were no fragments left large enough to be worth preserving!!!

Had the glass and tapestry fallen into the hands of such a friend to ancient relics as the present owner, Richard Davey, Esq., has proved himself to be, we should not have had to mourn their loss and destruction.

The oak room, in which is the sliding panel and secret staircase in the thickness of the wall, is lined with wainscot, and there is a tradition that an underground passage exists from here which emerges at Mullion Cove, one and a half mile distant.

Although there is every reason for believing this to be a gentle fiction, it is, nevertheless, true that there is still existing the secret staircase, and also a ladder, by means of which through an

aperture any part of the roof can easily be reached.

There was once a chapel at "Bosham," dedicated to S. Mary, and the remnants of its ruins are in a plot of ground called Clahar, which is close to the house, and was undoubtedly once a portion of the estate. Not many yards from the front entrance are still to be seen the stone stiles which led across the field to the chapel from the neighbouring group of cottages at Cross Lanes, stiles which are remarkable alike for their shape, solidity, and antiquity.

ANCIENT STONE IMPLEMENTS FOUND AT BOCHYM.

> How charming is Divine antiquitiy!
> Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical, as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns.—MILTON'S COMUS.

THE old mansion and estate just described has a further interest for the archæologist and the antiquary, for in the most unromantic of all places on this ancient manor, a stone quarry, we have brought to the light of day memorials of the Celtic race that takes us back far beyond the date of any written record of Bochym.

There existed, in 1869, a few hundred yards from the house, a high wall of rock, whether the result of art or nature, is by no means certain. By the side of it ran, in summer, a babbling brook; in winter, a roaring torrent. No insignificant feature in the landscape at any time, although not dignified with a name, as is its neighbour the Ribble.

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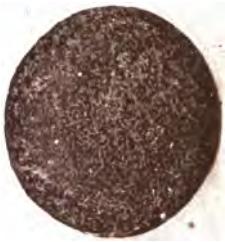

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1

CELTS FROM BOGHYM.

On this spot, in the year named, the rock was being quarried; and shortly after commencing the work, the men employed discovered, lying on a ledge of the stone, *in a hole*, the four celts (Nos. 1 to 4) here described. They are of ironstone or greenstone, not of equal coarseness. No. 1, is apparently much softer than the others, to judge by the manner in which it is honeycombed with age or exposure; while none of them bear the traces of any amount of wear. No. 3, is of a very peculiar type, being rounded off or bent at the point in a mode rather more than accidental; and it is in a state of brilliant preservation, having quite an edge at its broader end, without a scratch or chip.

Whether celts such as these are the ordinary working tools of their ancient owner, and were deposited in a hiding-place for security, or whether they were the arms of a warrior, and their close proximity to each other the result only of accident, must remain yet a problem. We know that in the case of bronze implements, hoards of them have been found in Norfolk, Kent, and elsewhere in these islands; and the conjecture is more than probable, that when in quantities like this, and *unused*, they form a part of the stock in trade of the maker. This, too, would seem to account for their

being sometimes discovered in sets, as it were, and of every variety shape and pattern.*

On the vexed questions, are they arms or tools? the author of the *Collectanea Antiqua* (i, p. 105), no mean authority, writing of those discovered at Attleborough, and communicated to the Archæological Association† observes: "Some of them have been with reason supposed to be weapons, affixed to a short wooden handle for close warfare. Their connexion with gouges and other implements seems to render their exclusive use for purposes of war at least questionable. Found in close company with gouges and implements of domestic use, they appear to be tools; when discovered in juxtaposition with a sword, further evidence is still required to settle the question."

It is but fair, with regard to the question of their use, to mention the theory, held by Mr. Davey himself, that they were probably used for domestic purposes, and in particular that of skinning animals and cutting up food; and this is rather supported than otherwise by what we know of the primitive usages of rude and uncivilised nations. Even the Esqui-

* *Archæologia*, vol. xv., p. 118; *Journal*, British Archæological Association, i, pp. 51, 59; ii, pp. 9, 58.

† *Journal*, i., p. 58.

maux use tools of bone, horn, and wood, to tear off the fat from the surface of skins intended for clothing.* If so, why not these stone implements by the early races of Cornwall to skin the animal in hand, or hew it in pieces *after* it was skinned? Implements such as these were in use all over this island, as we discover, and in many cases were sharp enough to be used as chisels. Of this type No. 3 seems to have been one.

No. 5, is an implement of a very different kind, of a softer stone,—an axe-head of an ordinary type, but broken at the end; the interest attaching to it being mainly that it was found in a heap of stones from an adjoining field, which were gathered up for the purpose of mending the road.

In a similar way, the curious turned boss (No. 7) escaped destruction, only after greater peril, for it was discovered uninjured upon the roadway, in the midst of the newly laid metal, at least six months after the road had been repaired and the stones laid down. The use to which this stone was put must, it is feared, remain a matter of mere conjecture. Without laying down any theory upon the subject, I will only mention their ancient use in games, as a "*signum*" in taking an oath (Roman), and it is at least noticeable that while there is no stone to be had of like character

* *Arch. Journal*, xxviii., p. 44.

with the material of the boss, within miles of Bochym, there is at no great distance (six miles) across country, a Roman camp, and Roman coins, hereafter described, were turned up within four miles of the spot.

Fig. 6 carries us back to ancient days indeed. It is a round quoit-shaped stone of the hard green serpentine rock found in the neighbourhood. A fanciful imagination has suggested that it *is* a quoit, and as such used in the early days of its manufacture; yet there can be little doubt that it may lay claim to greater antiquity, and a more useful purpose, as an ancient muller for grinding tin.

We must go to the Phœnicians and Diodorus Siculus; for not far from the place of the discovery lies the valley of the Looe, with its far-famed Looe-pool, and its bar of sand.

To this day the tin stream works flourish on the hill side, and their refuse runs down into the Looe, to discolour its waters and poison its fish, and there, on either side of the valley, in the old workings, may be still picked up *mullers* of like material with this, and still may be seen the flat blocks that formed the nether mill stone, and upon which the tin was pulverised in those primitive times.*

* Two mullers exactly like this one were found in a barrow at Bolleit, and are described by Mr. Edwards in his "Land's End District," p. 30.

A writer in one of the local papers,* a few years ago, gives a very lucid account of the remains of the ancient tin workings in the Looe Pool valley.

As might be expected from the extent and richness of the alluvium, and the ease with which it may be wrought, numerous traces are discoverable of the existence of tin works in this valley from a very remote date.

Along its course are the sites of three or four ancient entrenchments, dignified with the name of castles, though probably at no time more important than earthworks, one of which, at the entrance of Lowertown, "Castle Teen Urn," still exhibits an isolated hillock, surrounded by a circular encampment, in a very perfect condition. From their situation it is difficult to conceive that they could be other than stations to receive the metallic product of the country, on its transit to the place of embarkation. The hill side, at the southern extremity of the bar, is deeply marked with the remains of works apparently of a similar character, in close proximity to the banks of the lake itself, and curious oven-like structures were explored by Mr. J. J. Rogers some years since, for which no

* Vestiges of Ancient Tin Workings in the Looe Valley, Cornwall Gazette, Sept. 19, 1867.

assignable object was apparent, except in connexion with a station permanently occupied in the way supposed.

Within a short distance of "Castle Teen Urn," a few feet beneath the surface, in the centre of the village of Lowertown, are accumulations of slag and carbonaceous matter, which, by their yielding on the vanning shovel particles of metallic tin, are evidently the remains of smelting operations.

Frequently, about this place, boulders of hard stone are found with the surfaces indented in deep hollows, where the tinstone had been rudely pounded into powder, preparatory to its reduction in the furnace.

At Trelubbus, a short distance up the valley, a portion of a machine of a much more effective description for the same purpose (very like that at Scilly described below) was discovered by Mr. John Christopher about the year 1852, beneath the foundation of an old stamps' wall, which seemingly had been built centuries before. This relic consists of a granite stone, about three feet diameter, the circumference very roughly shaped into a circular form, and perforated in the centre by a hole about five inches diameter. The lower side is slightly conical, and directly beneath the hole in the centre a clutch is roughly cut, so as to admit of its being turned

round by an upright spindle. The whole machine must have resembled a large quern, or ancient corn mill, and have been set in motion by water power. The hardness of the material treated has deeply marked the grinding surface with concentric grooves. The weight of the stone (which formed the upper portion of the mill) is about six cwt. This is no doubt a good illustration of the means used to pulverise tin ore previous to the introduction of the present form of stamps, which is said to have been invented by some of the Godolphin family in the 16th century.

If it be true what Camden says of the *Meneâg* of the Phœnicians, that in discovering it they discovered a world of tin, and secured it to themselves, may it not have been also that the Phœnicians of whom Diodorus Siculus writes, sailed with their vessels up the then open harbour of the Looe, and anchoring at the head of the creek in the Cober river, received there their consignment of the metallic produce of the ancient Danmonii? Be this as it may, there still stands, looking down upon the vale,—joining it, one might say, by St. John's gateway,—one of the most ancient of the old "coynage towns," the early charter of which (one of King John's in 1201) grants privileges to the town, and confirms former ones, chiefly in connexion with and

on account of the flourishing mills and stream-works of tin, in the valley of the Cober below.

That the ancient Britons did use mullers, both large and small, to grind their fragments of rock and tin-ore, seems evident from an elaborate description of one in the Scilly Islands, the remains of which are still visible. The whole passage is worth transcribing, as given by Hitchins (vol i, 249): "Upon the top of the hill is a natural rock, about nine inches above the surface of the ground, with a round hole in its centre, eight inches in diameter, supposed for an upright post to work round in; and at the distance of two feet from this hole in the centre is a gutter cut round in the rock, out of the solid stone, fourteen inches wide, and nearly a foot deep, wherein a round stone, four feet in diameter and nine inches thick, did go round upon its edge, like a tanner's bark-mill, which is worked by a horse. The round stone has a round hole through its centre, about eight inches in diameter. This is supposed to have been a mill for pulverising the tin-ore in ancient times, and worked either by men or a horse, before stamping mills were known of the present construction."

Before leaving the group of celts there is another to be described, a specimen of more advanced work-

manship. It is an unfinished hammer-head of greenstone, weighing one pound twelve ounces and three-quarters, pointed at the end, and the lower edge quite flat, while the upper is rounded off. The entire face of one side is ground down, probably by wear, to a plane inclined sideways from that of the original surface. Nearly in the centre of each side a hole has been commenced for the insertion of a handle; but the hole remains unfinished, and the perforation is incomplete. This was found in 1871, in a croft at Burnow, a farm in this parish, the property of John Jope Rogers, Esq., of Penrose. It is of a very rare type, and a similar example is shown in the *Prehistoric and Ethnographical Series of Photographs* issued by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum, Pl. 16, No. 3.

It would appear that of these celts discovered in this part of the county, there are two distinct varieties. The first, celts perfectly plain, as those of the Bochym find, and which would seem to have been attached to their handle (if at all) much in the same way that our country smiths still use their chisels for cutting hot iron, with a hazel or other stick twisted round the implement, and an iron ring or thong passed over the ends of the stick to make the grip firm.

The second type would be those celts hav-

ing a hole in the centre through which the handle was passed, just as at present. A beautiful specimen of this kind, unfortunately broken in half, is in the possession of J. J. Rogers, Esq. It was found at Sithney, near Helston, and was exhibited by the writer at the March meeting of the Brit. Archæolog. Association, together with the other Cornish antiquities here described.

Midway between these perfect specimens comes the incomplete and unfinished implement as described above, which would appear to have passed out of the maker's hands, and to have been lost, before it has been brought to a finish. We can make no other conjecture, for it would be beside all reason to suppose that the perforation was not intended to be complete. The cavity on either side, as at present, has no meaning; but when the hole is carried through, its use is immediately apparent.

Of bronze implements I know of none recently found in this neighbourhood, with the exception of one, which was discovered, not indeed in Cury, but close to it, at Penvores, in the adjoining parish of Mawgan, where a labouring man in 1871, while working in a clay pit, three feet below the surface, came upon an almost unique specimen of a double-looped palstave of bronze, weighing fourteen ounces

and a quarter, and in the very highest state of preservation. It was presented by Mr. Rogers to the British Museum, which also contains the only other known specimen found in England, and is figured in the *Proceedings* of the Society of Antiquaries, Second Series, vol v, No. vii, Plate 1, fig. 2.

Carew, in his survey, hazards a curious theory as to the origin of implements like these, and the passage is worth referring to, though couched in the quaintest language.

He remarks—"The Cornish Tynners hold a strong imagination, that in the withdrawing of Noah's floud to the sea, the same tooke his course from east to west, violently breaking vp, and forcibly carrying with it, the earth, trees, and rocks, which lay any thing loosely, neere the vpper face of the ground. To confirme the likelihood of which supposed truth, they doe many times digge vp whole and huge timber trees, which they conceiue at that deluge to haue beene ouerturned and whelmed; but whether then, or sithence, probable it is, that some such cause produced this effect.* Hence it cometh that albeit the Tynne lay couched at first in certain strakes amongst the rockes, like a tree,

* Branches, nuts, and stems of trees have been found close to Newlyn and Penzance, the submerged forest of Mounts Bay.

or the veines in a man's bodie, from the depth whereof the maine load, spreadeth out his branches, vntill they approach the open ayre, yet they haue now two kinds of Tynne works, stream and load; for (say they) the aforemencioned floud, carried together with the moued rockes and earth, so much of the load as was inclosed therein, and at the asswaging, left the same scattered here and there in the vallies and ryuers where it passed; which being sought and digged, is called streamworke; under this title, they comprise also the Moore workes, growing from the like occasion.

"They maintaine these workes, to haue beene verie ancient, and first wrought by the Iewes with pickaxes of Holme, Boxe, & harts-horne; they prooue this by the name of those places yet enduring, to wit Attall Sarazin, in English, the "Iewes off cast," and by those tooles daily found amongst the rubble of such workes. And it may well be that as Akornes made good bread, before Ceres taught the vse of corne; and sharp stones serued the Indians for kniues, vntil the Spaniards brought them iron; so in the infancie of knowledge, these poor instruments for want of better did supplie a turne. There are also taken vp in such workes, certaine little tooles heads of Brasse, which some terme

Thunder-axes, but they make small shew of any profitable vse.

"Neither were the Romanes ignorant of this trade, as may appear by a brasse coyne of Domitian's found in one of these workes, and fallen into my hands: and perhaps vnder one of those Flauians, the Iewish workmen made here their first arriuall."

Time, which discovers most things, will perhaps, in due course, shed a flood of light upon these, and enable a more enlightened age to rightly read and interpret such relics of byegone days.

BONYTHON.

Once more, and yet once more,
I gave unto my harp a dark woven lay;
I heard the waters roar,
I heard the flood of ages pass away.

O thou stern spirit, who dost dwell
In thine eternal cell,
Noting, grey chronicler! the silent years;
I saw thee rise—I saw the scroll complete,
Thou spak'st, and at thy feet
The universe gave way.

* * * * * *

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

THERE is one other old seat, that of Bonython, which claims a mention in any record of the parish of Cury, inasmuch as it was in the possession of an ancient family of the same name for so many centuries, with a history as full of vicissitudes as its near neighbour Bochym; but the materials for its story are far too scant and meagre to render a continuous narrative possible.

The scraps and jottings when one has searched all that lay within reach amounts to very little of what the whole history would be if it were possible to present it to the reader in all its romantic truth.

As was remarked with regard to Bochym, it very frequently occurred in olden time that families took their name from the place where they dwelt (and not *vice versa*, as is the prevalent but mistaken notion). "The Cornish," says Carew, "entitle one another with his owne and his father's Christian name, and conclude with the place of his dwelling;" and we may take it the custom of adding *de* was common at a very early period. Thus the de Bochyms and Thomas de Bonython.

Many gentlemen changed their names on the removal to a new home, an instance occurring in this very family, the Bonithons taking to Carclew, name and place. Tonkin says that the custom of assuming the names of their habitation and changing it on the next removal was quite left off (1736), though he could instance some who had done so within one hundred years.

In the MSS. of Hals is this brief sentence:—

"Bonython is in this parish; from whence was denominated an ancient family of gentlemen surnamed de Bonithon, who for many descents flourished here in good reputation till the reign of Queen Anne, at which time Charles Bonython, Esq., serjeant-at-law, sold this barton to one Carpenter, now in possession thereof.*

* It was not Charles, but his son Richard, who sold Bonython to the Carpenters. See p. 84. G

C. S. Gilbert, who is a pretty reliable authority, narrates that the family became extinct in the elder line on the death of Richard Bonithon in the early part of the last century.

One of the younger branches of the family, and the most wealthy, settled at Carclew in the reign of Henry IV., having made a marriage with one of the co-heiresses of Daungers, and there Richard Bonithon died July 31, 1697, leaving the estates to an only daughter, through whom in marriage they passed away for ever from the family.*

It is said a younger branch of the Bonithons of Carclew were till lately residing at S. Austell.

In the 16th and 17th centuries they were a powerful family. Tonkin mentions one as a man of great repute in the reign of Henry V.; and a search among county and other records establishes the fact that the Bonithons figured conspicuously in the political events which occurred in the troublesome days of the Stuart dynasty.

Among the State papers of James I. it is recorded that a grant was made to Nicholas Fortesque and Michael Vivian of £60 out of the goods of John Bonithon, deceased, which were forfeited by outlawry, his death having occurred just prior to the grant, viz., June, 1605.

* The arms of the family are ARG., a chevron between three fleurs-de-lis, sable.

In 1603, and again in 1604, the Comptrollership of the Stannaries in Cornwall and Devon was granted to Richard Bonithon, and again in 1605 Richard Bonithon was appointed keeper of the gaol at Lostwithiel. A little later—in the 17th year of James I., A.D. 1619—Reskymer Bonython was Sheriff of Cornwall.*

Polwhele mentions a Thomas Bonython who was a captain in the Low Country wars.†

And in 1625 a John Bonithon was captain and serjeant-major of a regiment levied for the King in Devonshire.

A Richard Bonython, doubtless one of this Cornish family, was one of the first emigrants to America, and settled at Saco, where he died in 1650.‡ His son John died about 1684.§

Thomes Bonython, of Bonython, married Frances, the daughter of Sir John Parker, of London, and by this marriage there was a son, *John Bonython*, who married Ann, daughter of Hugh Trevanion, Esq., of Trelogan.

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* Gilbert's Parochial History, p. 303.

† Polwhele, Civil and Military Hist., p. 87.

‡ John Farmer's Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England (1829), pp. 32, 36, 337. J. B. Felt's Ecclesiastical Hist. of New Eng. (1855), I., 246, 396. G. Folsom's Hist. of Saco and Biddeford, 1830.

§ Folsom's Hist. of Saco and Biddeford, p. 52 *et seq.*

This John Bonython was the father of the celebrated Serjeant Charles Bonython, who put an end to himself in a fit of madness.

In "Woolrych's Serjeants" there is a memoir of this Mr. Serjeant Bonython, who was steward of the Courts at Westminster from 1683 to 1705. At that time this was a lucrative post; but in the Sloane MSS. occurs the following paragraph extracted from a news-letter of the day, Feb. 18, 1687:—"Mr. Bonithon, steward for Westminster, has been displaced in favour of Mr. Owen."

He, Charles Bonython, married Mary, the daughter of — Livesay, Esq., of Livesay, in Lincolnshire, by whom he had two sons, Richard and John, and a daughter.

He died by his own hand, of which event this brief record is left:—Boynthon "shot himself through the body with a pistoll."*

Richard, the eldest son, was also called to the bar; but he must have inherited his father's madness, for he, having first sold portions of his estate in parcels—amongst others this barton—to one Humphrey Carpenter, jun., to complete the tragedy, first set fire to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and burned his papers, then stabbed himself with his

* Narcissus Luttrell's Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs, I., 255; V., 545, 555.

sword, and not effecting his deadly purpose immediately, threw himself out of window and killed himself on the spot. This was in 1720.

John Bonython, the second son, was educated at King's Coll., Cambridge, and became an eminent physician at Bristol, but died before Richard, probably a Latin poem with his name appended, which appeared in a volume published by some Cambridge undergraduates in 1714, was his.

The title of the work from which these verses were taken is—"Mæstissimæ ac Lætissimæ Academiæ Cantabrigiensis Carmina funebria et triumphalia. Illis . . . Reginam Annam repentina morte abreptam deflet. His . . . Regi Georgio Britannicum Solium optimis auspiciis ascendenti gratulatur. Cantabrigiæ, 1714, fol."

Quæ longùm exuerat luctus, nullisque tot annos
Pressa malis, bello victrix, nec sanguinis ultra
Prodiga, jam mites sub Pacem miserat hostes;
Ecce! iterum in fletus se mæsta Britannia Solvit,
Et largo lachrymarum humectat flumine terram.
Scilicet Anna Parens crudelibus occubat umbris,
Nec dulci afflictos solatur fronde, sed, ante
Quos vetuit præsens, lachrymarum postulat imbres.
Sic paulùm, dum claustra vias oppôsta morantur,
Pax compescit aquas; at mox, compage solutâ,

Turbida majores devolvent æquora fluctus.
  Occidit et terræ, quæ jam possederat Orbem,
Quantula pars est ipsa? juvant quid Sydera famæ
Terminus, imperii Oceanus? jacet ecce sepulchro,
Occidit, et tumulo marcessit gloria mundi.
  Quid? parvâ dixi demens includier Urnâ?
Ingentem non terra capit; Te lucida Cœli
Expectant convexa, vias en! lumine signant.
Hac Avus, hac Soror, hac Conjux, hac irrita Natus
Spes Britonum, Sophia hesternâ divulsaque morte.
Clara diu Sophia in Terris, nunc gloria Cœlo,
Et Proavi Proavorum——
At Tibi debentur laudes, Pia Mater, ademptæ
Quo Tibi, quo regnis Dignus succederet Hæres
Curâsti quæ cauta; Tuæ crudelia mortis
Sic damna instaurans, sic tristia fata rependens.
  Reddas, Phœbe, diem; dulces quid protrahis horas
Cæsare venturo? Cæsar cur Ipse moratur
Gaudia nostra? Adsis, lapsæ patriæque ruinas
Sarcito ingentis; revoces in pectora vires
Quas dolor exhausit; magnos hìc pace Triumphos
Dediscas; hìc spes præsenti lumine firmes,
O Pater, O Princeps; sed te nec Regia Sceptra
Nec Patriæ Te vota juvant, Quem cura remordet,
Quem raptâ pia cura premit de Matre dolentem,
Communi de Matre, Tuâ Britonumque, dolentem;

Hinc ergo, hinc lachymas de charâ abstersimus
Anna,
Ut nova scena suos luctus, sua tempora flendi
Posceret? O malè mors victrix! sed fessa, precamur
Jam tandem desiste; Tibi quæ funere acerbo
Atra dies Sophiam Patriæ, quæque abstulit Annam,
Plus dedit Imperii, quam cum per tædia belli
Stravisti innumeros, Martis spectacula, Gallos;
Nec querimur Sophiam, nobis dolor unicus Anna:
Vivit adhuc Sophia, et partu sua gloria fulget.

Joh. Bonython, Coll. Regal. Alumn.

The elder branch of this family became extinct with the Richard who was laid in his grave in 1720, and the name of Bonithon was thenceforth blotted out from the record of human life. Doubtless it would have remained in the oblivion to which it had already been consigned, but that about 1856, on the death of an ancient maiden lady who resided near St. Austell (in all likelihood one of the Carclew branch mentioned above) there was discovered among her effects a curious old jug of stoneware, which had no doubt been "laid up in lavender" for years, and preserved in her family as a precious heirloom. In all probability she was the last of her race; at all events, her property came into the market, and the family relic passed into other hands. The cup is of the period of Queen Elizabeth, and it

is said to be unique of its kind; the date (1598) is in raised figures over the central compartment. It is of brown stoneware, probably of Dutch manufacture, and on the body of the cup are three oval medallions, filled with armorial devices. On the central medallion the double imperial eagle is displayed, surmounted by a crown, the shield having as supporters on either side coronetted lions in arabesque; the neck-band is ornamented with scroll-work in relief, and lower down on the shoulders of the jug are scroll patterns in compartments. A label is attached to the handle of the flagon with the following inscription:—"Date of this jug, 1598. It was used at the coronation banquet of James I. and VI. of Scotland, by one of the Bonithon family, who officiated at the banquet."

This curious historical relic is in excellent preservation, and has evidently been carefully treasured by its former possessors through a long period, during which eleven kings and queens occupied the throne of England.*

From these extracts it would appear that the hero of the flagon—most probably a John Bonithon and his descendants—were residing periodically in London during successive reigns, and that they

* Gentleman's Magazine for 1868 (pp. 179—82), an article, "*Bonython Flagon.*"

occupied important official positions under the Government from time to time with varied fortunes until the tragical death of the last Richard Bonithon in 1720.

The Bonithon flagon is now in the collection of a gentleman at Teignmouth, in Devon, and is much admired and appreciated by archæologists, not only on account of its historical interest, but for its truly regal appearance and the unique style of its ornamentation; it is, moreover, untouched by the destroying hand of time, and the lustre of the glaze continues undiminished.

There is little that is striking about the house at Bonython, which is a plain substantial building with a granite front, facing the sea, which it overlooks at a distance of some two miles by the valleys of Poljew and Gunwalloe.

The view from the front of the house is a most extensive one, unusually so, as most of the ancient Cornish houses are built quite on the side of the hill, or in the valley, as, *e.g.*, Bochym.

On the lower part of the estate, in a small plantation just outside the lodge gates of Bochym, is a group of magnificent rocks, the grandeur of which strike the beholder at the very first glance. One of these—the topmost—is named the Fire, or Bonfire Rock, and is no doubt one of the

many which in various parts of West Cornwall have been, with more or less certainty, predicted to have been Druidic in their purposes.

Both Toland and Borlase write of the fires wont to be kindled by the Druids, one season for the lighting of which was on the eve of November, when the people were compelled to rekindle the private fires in the houses from the consecrated fires of the Druids, the domestic fire in every house having been for that purpose first carefully extinguished ; and, curiously enough, this is just the season when Cury parish feast is held.*

The Cornish Midsummer fires too will occur to those familiar with the county. Hone says of them :—"An immemorial and peculiar custom prevails on the sea-coast of the western extremity of Cornwall of kindling large bonfires on the eve of June 24. . . . I cannot help thinking it the remains of an ancient Druidical festival, celebrated on Midsummer-day, to implore the friendly influence of Heaven on their fields, compounded with that of the first of May, when the Druids kindled large fires on all their sacred places, and

* "An Account of S. Just in Penrith, by Rev. John Buller," p. 89. The parish feasts of S. Just and S. Corentin being held about the same time, the presumption respecting these fires put forward by the author holds equally respecting Cury.

on the tops of their cairns, in honour of Bel, or Belinus, the name by which they distinguished the sun, whose revolving course had again clothed the earth with beauty, and diffused joy and gladness through the creation." . . . And this agrees with Toland's remarks on these vestiges of ancient fire-worship. "These midsummer fires," he says, "were to obtain a blessing on the fruits of the earth, now becoming ready for gathering, as those of the first of May, that they might prosperously grow; and those of the last of October were a thanksgiving for finishing their harvest."*

In the "*Land's End District*"† is a graphic description of one of these festivals:—

"It is the immemorial usage in Penzance and the neighbouring towns and villages to kindle bonfires and torches on Midsummer-eve; and on Midsummer-day to hold a fair on Penzance quay, where the country folk assemble from the adjoining parishes in great numbers to make excursions on the water. S. Peter's Eve is distinguished by a similar display of bonfires and torches, although the 'quay fair' on S. Peter's-day has been discontinued upwards of forty years.

"On these eves a line of tar-barrels, relieved

* Toland, Vol. I., p. 73.

† The Land's End District, by R. Edmonds, Penzance.

occasionally by large bonfires, is seen in the centre of each of the principal streets of Penzance. On either side of this line young men and women pass up and down, swinging round their heads heavy torches made of large pieces of folded canvass steeped in tar, and nailed to the ends of sticks between three and four feet long; the flames of some of these almost equal those of the tar-barrels. Rows of lighted candles also, when the air is calm, are fixed outside the windows or along the sides of the streets. . . . On these nights Mount's Bay has a most animating appearance, although not equal to what was annually witnessed at the beginning of the present century, when the whole coast, from the Land's End to the Lizard, wherever a town or village existed, was lighted up with those stationary or moving fires.

"In the early part of the evening, children may be seen wearing wreaths of flowers—a custom in all probability originating from the ancient use of those ornaments when they danced around the fires."

"At the close of the fireworks in Penzance, a great number of persons of both sexes, chiefly from the neighbourhood of the quay, used always, until within the last few years, to join hand in hand, forming a long string, and run through the streets

playing "thread the needle," heedless of the fireworks showered upon them, and oftentimes leaping over the yet glowing embers. I have on these occasions seen boys following one another jumping through flames higher than themselves. But whilst this is now done innocently in every sense of the word, we all know that the passing of children through fire was a very common act of idolatry; and the heathen believed that all persons and all living things submitted to this ordeal would be preserved from evil throughout the ensuing year. A similar blessing was supposed to be imparted to their fields by running around them with flaming torches."

May not the burning rock on the estate of Bonython have been connected in past ages with some of this?

OTHER ANTIQUITIES IN EURY AND GUNWALLOE.

"We found the world barbarian: is it nought
That where we trod, arts sprang beneath our feet?
The tales of virtue and of valour wrought,
Your children still repeat.

* * * * * *

"Our race is passed away. At dead of night,
The Master called us: and we did His will.
Ye, who through widening avenues of light,
Are gathering knowledge still,

"Who to the past's accumulated wealth
Add, day by day, fresh stores that onward roll,
The large experience that bringeth health
And wisdom to the soul.

"Learn yet one thing. He who is wise above,
Leadeth in every age His children home:
And He, beholding, something found to love
Even in Pagan Rome."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND, *May* 17, 1862.

THERE are some spots in this land almost void of interest either historic or antiquarian. From their isolation, they have taken no great share in the events of the country, and therefore, when perchance some object which tells of past ages is turned up from below the turf, there is little to be said beyond the mere description of its form, size, and pur-

pose. Other districts there are so rich in antiquarian remains, that volume after volume has been written concerning them; and again one's pen is tied, for all that one can say on a fresh discovery, beyond the details of the find, is very much what has been said before.

This is eminently the case of Cornwall. Its tumuli, cromlechs, and kistvaens, have been well dissected; the vast number of urns, implements of bronze and stone, and hoards of coins, from time to time brought to light, and apparently, if we may judge from recent researches, still unexhausted and inexhaustible, have formed the text for many a tome, many a learned disquisition. The folios of intelligence that we have concerning its early inhabitants and visitants carry us back to the days of Phœnicia; and it is contended that the Phœnicians first discovered the Danmonium promontory, and gave it the name of *Meneog* or *Meneâg*, which it bears to this very day. This ancient Ocrinum, or Danmonium* promontory, of Ptolemy presents a rich feast for the archæologist who has the time and freedom to visit and examine its multitude of antiquities, whether

* Ptolemy, ii, 3. *Δαμνονιον το καὶ Οκρινον ακρον.*—Polwhele, Suppl., p. 52.

Roman encampments or sepulchral barrows, its way-side crosses or moorland cromlechs. From time to time, however, it happens some memorial of past ages is picked up by the labourer, and finding its way into the hands of private individuals, or, what is still worse, the marine store or melting pot of some country dealer, is there lost in oblivion.

Anything, therefore, that rescues ancient relics from this fate will be welcomed by the true archæologist; even the few objects of antiquarian interest here described, collected by the writer in that far end of West Cornwall, the "stony district" of the Lizard, may serve to swell the catalogue of those remains which will one day help to elucidate the history of the past.

The results of almost all recent explorations, as far as the tumuli and sepulchral memorials of West Cornwall are concerned, have recently been published by Mr. W. C. Borlase, the descendant of the great antiquarian, in his *Neniæ Cornubiæ*, and there he names the kist vaens of this immediate neighbourhood—few of which, if any, may be considered to have contained coins.

The few coins here described as coming from this immediate vicinity are unfortunately poor in preservation, and but the worst specimens,

the remnant of a large and what, if it had fallen into good hands, must have been a most interesting find.

It is doubful whether any part of England has yielded more varieties and numbers of ancient coins than Cornwall.

The famous Carn-Bre, renowned for its temples or fortifications, and the numerous finds of implements and coins* thereabouts, Leland's brass pot full of Roman money, found at Tredine (Treryn), and the Saxon coins from Cornwall, which form a part of the beautiful collection of Jon^n. Rashleigh, Esq., of Menabilly, are instances; while from time to time in past years, within the memory of man, coins, singly or in small groups, have been picked up at various spots in the Menéâge, and of all no record has been taken.

Of the various kinds of money, Roman is, perhaps, the most frequently found; nor is this to be wondered at, when it is remembered how very generally specimens of the Roman coinage are scattered over the sites of their stations, villages, and camps; while, as a rule, those discovered in such situations have been of the more common types, and much

* Figured in Borlase's Antiquities, Pl. xxiii., p. 25, and supposed by him to be British imitations of the Greek coins of Phillip.

more worn, than those which have been stumbled upon in hoards.

Here, in Cornwall, various speculations have been raised as to the use such quantities of Roman copper money could have served, whether it was a mercantile or military purpose that required it, peaceful barter at the mines and in the harbours, or the wages of the soldiers under arms for the protection or subjugation of the surrounding territory.

Be it as it may, we have the record in *Lyson's Magna Britania* (vol iii, ccxxiv) *and Borlase's Antiquities* (p. 301), of constant finds of Roman coins in the very neighbourhood where a century later those in my possession were found.

"They both mention the discovery of 24 gallons of Roman money of the reign of Constantine in a tenement called Condorah on the Helford river; and, in one of the creeks which run up into the parish of Constantine on the other side of the river, were found, same date 1735, forty coins, including some of Domitian, Trajan, and Faustina junior, in brass."

In this exact spot, or very near to it, a labourer, in 1817, was ploughing; in the course of his day's work he turned up a flat stone with the plough, and disclosed a cavity containing an urn of common potter's ware; this he, after the wisdom of his sort,

broke in pieces, in order to examine its contents, when lo! there fell out about 200 coins, these he brought into the town of Helston and sold, and they were gradually dispersed by the buyer, some to one friend, some to another; many of the best were given to the late Dr. Adam Clarke, and the few that remained, eight in all, came into my possession in the commencement of the present year (1873).

From the description given to me, which was fairly minute, they would appear to have been mostly first brass. The urn in which they were deposited, was of course lost, its destruction by the hands of the ploughman being complete.

Chygarkie (in Cornish "a fortified house"), the field in which they were lying, is only about two miles from Gear, which seems to have been a Roman station. This "Gear" is, no doubt, the original of "*Caer*," Cornish for camp, and is situated on one of the headmost creeks of the Helford river, easily accessible by the small ships of that period. The camp is in good preservation still, situated on a hill, and there appears to be the remains of a covered way from it to the creek.

Adjacent to this is Caervallack (query, is this a corruption of *caer-vallum?*), where there are traces of deep fosses and banks; while in the neighbouring parish of St. Kevern, at a place

called "Bahow," are some ancient graves, from which were taken relics decidedly pronounced by antiquaries to be Roman. There was, we know, a Roman road from *Durnovaria* (Dorchester), which, passing through *Moridunum* (Honiton or Seaton), and stretching its length through *Isca Dumnoniorum* (Exeter) to the rich mining district of the far west, penetrated to the very extremity of Cornwall. It was probably here, at Constantine then, on the Helford Haven, that the great eastern Roman road from Truro terminated.

There was a camp at Tre-Gear, in Bodmin parish, occupied, as recent discoveries prove, by the Romans during some period from Vespasian to Trajan; and close to Cury we have also a Tre-Gear, and in its immediate vicinity a round field enclosed by high banks and ditch (very much like a Roman camp), outside which the land is more than commonly fertile.*

Of the coins (eight in number which I have from Chygarkie), none are in brilliant condition. I pre-

* Not fifty years ago the father of the present tenant of this farm found, in digging a hole for a gate-post, some burnt ashes and unctuous earth, and there is still extant the half a nether millstone, which was found close to this place, whole; but, being carried to the farm-yard, in course of time, no care being taken of it, was split in two pieces, the one of which is to be seen to this day.

sume they are the poorest specimens of the whole find, some of the letters being quite illegible. They are as follow:

FIRST BRASS.

1. Vespasian, A.D. 69, 79. Corroded, but perfectly legible. Reads; *obv.*, (CAES. VE)SPASIANVS. AVG.; *rev.* LIBERTAS PVBLIC(A).
2. Antoninus Pius, A.D. 139-161. In fair preservation. *Obv.*, ANTONINVS. AVG. PIVS. P. P. TR. P. COS. III.; *rev.*, S ALVS.....
3. Aurelius (Marcus), afterwards Marcus Antoninus, A.D. 161-180. Fair preservation. *Obv.*, AVRELIVS. CAESAR. AVG. PII. F.; *rev.*, too worn to be legible.
4. Crispina, wife of Commodus, A.D. 177-183. Good preservation. *Obv.*, CRISPINA. AVGVSTA; *rev.*, female figure seated.
5. One of the Julias. The portrait is most like that of Julia Domna.

THIRD BRASS.

1. Marius (Marcus Aurelius) the emperor for three days, A.D. 267. Poor. *Obv.*, IMP. C. M. AVR. MARIVS, AVG.; *rev.*, worn and indistinct.
2. Constantine II., son of the first Constantine and Fausta, A.D. 316-340. *Obv.*, CONSTANTIN(VS) PO..... II.

BILLON.

1. Herrenius Etruscus (Quintus), son of Decius, A.D. 251. *Obv.*, P..... ET (R)..... DECIVS. NOB. CÆS.; *rev.*, PIETAS. AVGG.

Perhaps the most ancient, and at the same time the most interesting, of the group of antiquities here described, is a *bead* which was found in the

parish of Mawgan in *Menedge*, at no great distance from Chygarkie ("the fortified house"), where the coins just described were turned up in 1817. It is very similar, almost the exact counterpart of one which was found at Gilton in Kent; the only one of its kind among the numerous relics there dug up by Mr. Faussett, in 1760, and so beautifully figured in the *Inventorium Sepulchrale* (Plate v, fig. 2). It would seem to be composed of layers of coloured clays upon a hollow tube of glass. In the immediate centre of the bead its shape is roughly round, about seven-eighths to one inch in diameter; but at each end it is tapered off to a hexagon. The outer layer of colour is blue, which in turn is divided from a broad band of red by a thin circle of opaque white; and on the inner surface, again, is a white band which covers the tube by which the ornament is intended to be strung. It is unlike the famous productions of the island of Murano. Found among or close to Roman remains, the first thought is, can it be Roman? The corresponding one at Gilton was found in a grave. Here, in Mawgan, we have no such graves. Confidently pronounced by a very good judge to be Phœnician, and certainly in make and shape altogether dissimilar to Roman or Saxon, I hesitate to found a theory upon the single specimen before

me. It may be Phœnician or Druidical, or both in its origin.* In any case a shrewd guess may be given of its use as a personal ornament or a charm, probably the latter; worn by the owner during life, and buried with him in the Kentish grave; but lost on the Cornish moorland, to lie unnoticed through long periods of succeeding ages, and turned up at last by a rustic's boot in this nineteenth century of ours. However unlike the "*bedes*" of which our old poets, Chaucer and Spenser, sing, it may yet have served a kindred purpose. Chaucer tells of one maiden:

> "A pair of *bedes* eke she bere
> Upon a lace, all of white thread,
> On which that she her *bedes bede*."

And in the time of Herrick the mystic globules were potent against the enemy, be it temporal or spiritual; and he says:

> "Bring the holy water hither,
> Let us wash and pray together.
> When our *beads* are thus united,
> Then the foe will fly affrighted."

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* Beads of like form and make were discovered a short time since in Russia, where, in making excavations for a brewery at Kiew, the workmen came upon an immense pit, containing several thousand skulls, together with bones of the different sexes of all ages—probably a place of massacre—near to the spot was one tomb eontaining but one skeleton with a heavy iron broadsword, a few beads, a ring, and a cross. —*Long Ago*, p. 21.

If it be as before hinted, that the Phœnicians in their visits to the Cassiterides and the adjacent country for tin, *did* sail up the Looe creek and Cobra river to the tin depôts at the foot of the Hellaz Hill, on the south side of Helston,—and to the east of that town, on the other border of the Lizard promontory, there is a creek (the Helford river) once, too, renowned for its stores of tin, on the shores of which we have at this day a Roman station, with nearly all its parts exceedingly well preserved,— then the finding a bead of Phœnician work on the site of a Roman camp, and contiguous to Roman coins, will occasion no great difficulty. They are independent of each other, the one of far more ancient deposit than the other; and what at first sight would appear to be unaccountably mysterious, really resolves itself into a confirmation and evidence of the truth of history; that both the Phœnicians and the Romans visited the peninsula of *Danmonium*, perhaps for the very same purpose, viz., to prosecute the very profitable trade in the precious metal for which the whole of that region of *Magna Britannia* was famous. It is certainly not a little strange that so few Phœnician remains have been brought to light in a country which they visited so constantly and uninterruptedly. The statement of Richard of Cirencester that 1000 years B.C. is the date of their first visit, must be

taken *cum grano salis*; but any rate, having regard to the commercial intercourse of the Phœnician merchants with the *then* inhabitants of Western Britain, it is remarkable, not that their influence should have extended even to the language of the Danmonii (as I cannot but think is evident, though I know still a contested point), but that there should be so few substantial and tangible memorials of these early colonists of our Cornubian shores.

It is probably to be attributed to the fact that, whatever else they did, the Phœnicians did not make any permanent settlements on these shores; they visited the few ports for the purpose of trading, and their influence with and upon the natives depended upon the intercourse resulting from their commercial dealings.

Doubtless the inhabitants of Danmonium would be inclined to copy the manners, and to a certain extent imitate the mode of life, which their civilized visitors introduced, and it is only reasonable to suppose that these merchants of the sea brought with them from the East many implements and articles of use in civilized life which, perfectly novel to the ruder dwellers on the Cornubian shores, would be prized among them, as our guns and looking-glasses and beads, have been in later ages among the aborigines of the Australian and American continents.

One such relic of the past is the "Chil" of the meneage district.

Forty years ago—when the illumination of our houses was not the easy matter it is now, and lamps were few and costly—there was a primitive kind of oil lamp used in the farm houses and fishermen's dwellings in the Lizard district, which most assuredly must have been formed upon the pattern of such lamps as would have been used by the Phœnician traders centuries before the Christian era.

Handed down from age to age, family to family, father to son, its construction had undergone but little modification, and even with the advance of mechanical skill it has retained the simple shape and make of primitive times.

A description of this ancient form of lamp, and an engraving of it, was given in a paper by Mr. Robert Blight, read before the Royal Institution of Cornwall in the present year.

The chil there described as the workmanship of the village blacksmith and carpenter combined, sometimes of the cottagers themselves, was formed of an upright back about a foot high, with a horizontal piece fitted to it, resting on two short legs, much after the fashion of a chair. A small vessel, made of a thin plate of iron, with edges turned up, and terminating in a lip or beak, somewhat

the shape of the ordinary Tuscan lamp, was used for the oil and wick, and was hooked to the upright by a small handle, which contrivance allowed it easily to be removed for cleaning or replenishing. On the horizontal part, *the seat* of the chair as it were, a small saucer was placed so as to catch any oil that might drip from the dish above.

The wick, which was kindled in the lip or beak, was usually of cotton, but retained its ancient name *Purvan*—a Celtic word meaning "rushes"—in the absence of other material, a wick, called a *Booba*, was used—nothing more than a few strips of linen plaited together.

Mr. Blight remarks, that history attributes the invention of the lamp to the Egyptians, and that from them it passed to the Greeks and Romans. Skulls of animals and sea shells were the earliest and simplest forms in which animal fat was kindled by means of a wick formed of any vegetable fibre.

The "chil" of the *Meneâg*, not only resembles in shape the skull of animals, but is not at all unlike lamps from the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii, thus strengthening the opinion that such articles of domestic use were brought to these shores by the early traders, and may be classed among the few vestiges that we have of the Phœnicians in Cornwall.

CURY GREAT TREE.

"Even ash, I thee do pluck;
Hoping thus to meet good luck.
If no luck I get from thee,
I shall wish thee on the tree.'

THE ash-tree, if not as venerable as the oak, is scarcely less remarkable, and has ever held a conspicuous place alike in nature, history, and mythology. Under its mystic shade the gods held their assemblies, Homer's heroes go forth with weapons made of ash, and Dioscorides, the physician, would cure the bite of a serpent with the juice of the sacred tree.

Though every village has not its row of pollard ash trees like that of Selborne immortalized by Gilbert White, through which, when saplings, children were passed for cricks and ricks and all the ills that flesh is heir to (in its infancy?) yet many an one has its great tree of some historic interest and wholesale superstitions, under whose branches generations have passed successively; the old tree looked on while the whole parish has been born

ENTRANCE TO GURY.

and lived and died, and perchance will still remain to see another round of human destinies fulfilled.

Perhaps the memory of the tree has outlived its venerable self, accident or old age has laid it low, while its very departure has freshened up the remembrances of the past, and stereotyped them for years to come.

It is thus with Cury. Cury had its great tree, till late years the pride of the whole district—in former days, perhaps, the consulting chamber of the profoundly wise medicine men, when credulous mothers brought their children "that wouldn't goode" or thrive, to have them drawn through its cleft;* or in later times the trysting-place of rustic lovers whose vows were witnessed only by the spreading branches of the ancient ash.

> Where the weeping ash-tree droops,
> 'Tis the spell'd and gifted hour
> When the faeries range their troops.
> With ear erect, and searching eye,
> We'll wait their jocund company;
> And mark ourselves the while unseen
> Their reyels on the green.—*Smedley.*

What a story of romance entwines itself round

* The passing of children through holes in the earth, rocks or trees, once an established rite, is still practised in various parts of Cornwall. With us, boils are cured by creeping on the hands and knees beneath a bramble which has grown into the soil at both ends. Children affected with

that old hollow tree. Superstition paid veneration to it; smugglers made it a hiding-place; the "fierce sounds of mortal blows" have risen from beneath its branches. But the tree has now disappeared altogether, and all that can be done is to gather up its memories—those that are left to us.

There seems to be no chance of ascertaining now whether in its young and flexible days it had been cleft, as popular superstition says, but it was a very remarkable tree, the largest in the Lizard country, or indeed almost in all West Cornwall, and seemed to be second only to the great ash of Woburn described by Strutt in the Sylva Britannica.

It stood on a triangular patch of ground at the junction of a lane in Cury, with the Lizard-road, at a place called Trease, close to the little brook which divides the parish of Cury from that of Mawgan.*

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hernia are still passed through a slit in an ash sapling before sunrise, fasting; after which the slit portions are bound up, and as they unite so the malady is cured.

The ash is indeed a tree of many virtues; venomous reptiles are never known to rest under its shadow, and a single blow from an ash stick is instant death to an adder; struck by a bough of any other tree, the reptile is said to retain marks of life until the sun goes down.

The antipathy of the serpent to the ash is a very old popular fallacy.—*Pliny, Hist. Mundi*, lib. xvi.

* See illustrations, pp. 109 and frontispiece. A record of

Looking at the illustration on page 109, if Cury Great Tree were now standing, it would appear among the clump of foliage just in advance of the horse and cart, ascending the rise from the brook. It spread its giant arms over the greater part of the open space (nearly 70 feet diameter) between the hedgerows, and its girth immediately above the ground was 27 feet. The hollow trunk, 5 feet up, was 14 feet in circumference, and its internal cavity 5 feet, tapering away to 3 feet.

It once had six spreading limbs springing from the trunk, at about 15 feet from the base; some of these, however, were broken off close to the trunk before the tree came down.

The tree attained a considerable reputation as being the rendezvous of the lawless "good-for-naughts" of those times; and among the many stories told in connection with it is one worth giving, which was related by one of the late inhabitants of the parish, he having heard it from his father, who was a boy when the occurrence took place. It is known as

The Faction Fight at Cury Great Tree.

On a green knoll in the centre of the intersection of the roads from Helston to the Lizard,

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this wonderful tree is preserved in "Forest Trees of Britain," 1st ed., 2 vols., London; but a notice of it is wanting in the recent 1 vol. edition by C. A. Johns.

and Mawgan to Cury, flourished an ash-tree of magnificent dimensions.

The peculiarity of its position, together with its unusual size, in the midst of a district singularly destitute of trees, rendered it famous throughout the surrounding neighbourhood; and in designating a special locality, reference was, and still continues to be, made to "Cury Great Tree" as a position generally known. During the last fifty years the tree has been gradually decaying, and at present only a portion of the hollow trunk remains, which is rapidly disappearing.* It stands about half-way up a gentle rise facing the north; and in passing over the road, the country people speak of a dim tradition of a time when the "road ran with blood."

The occasion of this, which is almost forgotten, was a faction fight on a large scale between the men of the parishes of Wendron and Breage, happening about one hundred years since. A wreck took place near the Lizard, and the Wendron men being nearest, were soon on the spot to appropriate whatever flotsam or jetsam might come in their way. Returning laden with their spoils, they were encountered at the Great Tree by the Breage men,

* Since this was written the tree is altogether gone, it was removed in 1862, the branches having fallen a few years previous, in 1857.

bound on a similar errrnd, and a fight, as a matter of course, ensued, which was prolonged till the following day.

The contest is said to have been a most terrible one, each party being armed with staves. The savage nature of the fight may be inferred from the following fact:—A Wendron man, named Gluyas, having been disabled, was put on the top of the roadside hedge, out of the *mêlee*, when he was seen by a Breage termagant known as "Prudy the Wicked," and by her quickly dragged into the road, "Prudy" exclaiming "Ef thee artn't ded, I'd a make thee!" suiting the action to the word by striking Gluyas with her patten-iron until he was dead. There is some account of "Prudy's" having been taken before the "Justice," but she does not appear to have been punished. These fights between parishes were so common in those days that any death occurring in the fray was quietly passed over as a thing of course and soon forgotten, and, adds Mr. Hunt, "So late as thirty years since it was unsafe to venture alone through the streets of the lower part of Helston after nightfall on a market-day owing to the frays of the Breage, Wendron, and Sithney men. So writes a friend residing in Helston."*

* All this, as far as it goes, is confirmatory of the possible truth of the tale told by Jeremiah Jose's grandmother (p. 175.)

The custom of passing the body of a cripple through a cleft ash-tree is not essentially Cornish. It is common among the Wiltshire peasantry, the rites and ceremonies pertaining thereto being identical with those of the west.

The Rev. A. C. Smith, in a paper read before the Wiltshire Archæological Society, adduces a case which he had seen, when a boy, of a labourer splitting a sapling at early dawn with many rites, and after passing the body of a suffering infant through, he bound up the tree with moistened clay, in the full belief that if the tree recovered the child would also, and, vice versâ, if the tree died, so would the child.

A curious incident in connection with Cury Great Tree* was narrated to me a short time ago, which is worth transcribing :—

Quite fifty years ago John Bartlett, a farmer, living on the boundary line which divides Cury and Mawgan, found the following in an old almanack—

"Lost where it was dropped on Saturday night last, an empty bag with a cheese in it, the bag was marked with a D but the letters were worn out:

* In the frontispiece the brook divides the two parishes, and the house on the left was occupied by the late John Bartlett, who narrated his own story, the site of Cury Great Tree not being more than 160 yards from the spot.

the one that lost it never found it wanting till it was gone, so if any one will bring it to him, they shall be rewarded for their trouble."

He copied it out, with "Notice!" in large letters at the top, and, by way of a joke, fastened it to Cury Great Tree.

A London tourist of those days passing by, and thinking it was the sober, earnest production of the Cornishman's mind, carried it off in triumph and published it as a specimen of the ignorance of the west country folk.

The farmer, who had for the nonce turned bill-sticker, was somewhat startled to read his "Notice!" with appropriate comments in the newspaper shortly afterwards.

SAINT WINWALOE.*

"How many hearts have here grown cold
That sleep these mouldering stones among!
How many beads have here been told!
How many matins here been sung!"

IN the value of benefices towards the Pope's Annates made by the Bishops of Lincoln and Winchester, 1294, Ecclesia Sancti Winwalli, *i.e.*, the Church of the Holy, Victorious, or Conquering Wallo, in decanatu de Kerryer was rated iiij*l* iij*s* iiij*d*.

In 1521, Wolsey's Inquisition, it goes by the name of the Vicarage of Wynnanton, *i.e.*, the conquering or victorious town, all intended to refer to the conquests of King Gunwallo or Dunwallo. So says quaint Hals; but Whitaker has a note on

* There is a MS. life of this Saint in the Cottonian Library, and in the Acta Sanctorum of the Bollandists, 3rd March, there are several, one said to have been copied from the Chartulary of Landevenac, and to have been the work of a monk of that abbey named Gurdistan, A.D. 870. The Rev. J. Adams, the author of several papers in the Journal Royal Inst. Corn., "Churches of the Cornish Saints," contributed at the last meeting in 1874 a sketch of this Saint.

this passage in Hals' MSS. in which he asserts the much more probable derivation of the name from the patron saint, Winwolaus, or Winwaloe, the Abbot of Tauracum in Brittany. The G. and W. at the beginning of Celtic names often change places mysteriously. In Picardy, where this saint is much esteemed, Winwaloe is changed into Vigenvaley and Walovay; in Bretagne, into Guignole and Vennole; and othes places into Gunigalois.

There are two churches in the Lizard district dedicated to this Saint, Landewednack and Gunwallo, and the parish feasts of both these places are on the same day, March 3.

Fracan, or Brychan,* father of this saint, was nearly related to Cathoun, one of the Kings or Princes of Wales, and had by his wife, Gwen, three

* This Brychan has been confounded by mediæval writers with Brychan of Brecknock; but there were three Welsh chieftains of this name, two in VI. century, one in VII. and all had children who founded churches and were reputed Saints. The early writers, supposing them all to be children of the Brecknock Brychan, attributed to him a *too* large amily for credit.

In the Chartulary of Landewennec, now in the Library at Quimper, and quoted by Rev. J. Adams, there is a tradition that a third breast was vouchsafed to Fracan's wife Gwen, wherewith to nourish her third son, so she is called Gwen Teirbron, *i.e.*, Gwen with three breasts, and a corbel in an old chapel of Gwennoc (her eldest son), ten miles from Quimper, so represents her.

sons—Guethenoc, Jacut, and Winwaloe, the last of whom they bound themselves by vow to consecrate to God from his birth, because he was their third son.

The invasions of the Saxons, and a deadly pestilence, which soon after overwhelmed his native country, obliged him to seek a refuge where he might serve God in peace.

Riwald, with a little band of followers from Wales, had before this retired to Armorica, where they had been kindly received, and thither Fracan went with all his family about the middle of the V. century, and settled at a place called after him to this day Plou-fragan (Plebs fracani), on the banks of the river Gouet, which signifies blood.

Though the two elder sons were born in Britain, Winwaloe, the youngest, and his sister Creiroic, were born in Armorica. All the children were trained and nurtured in the fear of God; but it was not until he grew through boyhood to youth, that his parents placed our Saint Winwaloe in the monastery of S. Budoc,* in the Isle of Laurels

* S. Budoc was an abbot in Great Britain, eminent for piety and learning, and, flying from the swords of the Saxons, took refuge among his countrymen in Armorica, and in this little island assembled several monks and opened a famous school for youth.

(Lauriaca), now called Isleverte, or Green Island, not far from the Isle of Brehat.

Under the discipline of this renowned teacher he soon became a diligent and distinguished scholar. At that time, S. Patrick's glory was shining like a bright star in Ireland, and illuminating the Church of Christ. The legend goes on to say that, being anxious to visit the holy father, he had obtained permission to go to Ireland with some merchants, and that on the eve of the day appointed for him to depart, S. Patrick himself appeared before him in a vision, crowned with a golden diadem, and, with the countenance of an angel, informed him that he was sent to give him the interview he desired, and bid him, with his companions, go elsewhere.

Thereon the holy Abbot S. Budock appointed him superior over eleven monks, and with them he travelled the whole of Domnonia, as the northern part of Armorica was called, and there, on a desert island at the mouth of the river Aven or Chateaulin, these wanderers settled themselves in their rude huts. On this island there had formerly existed a Druidical monument, evidence that in heathen times it must have been of some repute. From the time, however, of its occupation by these holy recluses its name has been Tibidy, *i.e.*, House of Prayers.

It appears to have been a dreary and desolate spot, open to every wind and storm, and after three years' patient endurance S. Winwaloe and his companions betook themselves to the other side of the bay, to the little valley of Landevenich, not far from Brest. It is said a path was supernaturally opened for them through the water, along which they are described as walking hand-in-hand, chanting a song of praise.

Here they built a monastery, aided by the beneficence of Grallo, Count of Cornonailles, for he gave the land and bore the expense of maintaining the monastic brethren.* The buildings raised by them afterwards grew into the famous Abbey of Landaviniec, sometimes called the Cradle of Christianity in Armorica. It is probable that from there the Saint migrated into Cornwall (and perhaps Wales),† and established churches at Landewednack and Gunwalloe.

S. Winwaloe, from the time he left his father's house, never wore any other garments but what were made of the skins of goats, and under these a hair shirt; day and night, winter and summer,

* The Chartulary of Landevennac. A MSS. of the XI. century is said to contain copies of the original grants.

† He is said to be Patron Saint of two or three churches. in Wales.

his clothing was the same. In his monastery neither wheat-bread nor wine was used but for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. No other drink was allowed to the community but water, which was sometimes boiled with a small decoction of certain wild herbs. The monks ate only coarse barley-bread, boiled herbs, and roots, or barley-meal and herbs mixed, except on Saturdays and Sundays, on which they were allowed cheese and shell-fish, but of these the Saint never tasted himself. His coarse barley-bread he always mingled with ashes, and their quantity he doubled in Lent, though even then it must have been very small, only to serve for mortification and an emblem of penance. In Lent he took his refreshment only twice a week; his bed was composed of the rough bark of trees, or of sand, with a stone for his pillow. From the relaxation in the rule of abstinence on Saturdays, it is evident that this monastic rule, which was the same in substance with that received in other British, Scottish, and Irish monasteries, was chiefly borrowed from Oriental rules, Saturday being a fast-day according to the discipline of the Roman Church. This rule was observed at Landevenech, till Lewis le Debonnaire, for the sake of uniformity, caused that of S. Benedict to be introduced there in 818. This house

was adopted into the congregation of St. Maur, in 1636. S. Winwaloe was sensible that the spirit of prayer is the soul of a religious state, and the comfort and support of all those who are engaged in it. As to himself, his prayer, either mental or vocal, was almost continual, and so fervent, that he seemed to forget that he lived in a mortal body. From twenty years of age till his death, he never sat in the church, but always prayed either kneeling or standing unmoved, in the same posture, with his hands lifted up to heaven, and his whole exterior bespoke the profound veneration with which he was penetrated. He died on the 3rd of March, about the year 529, in a very advanced age. His body was buried in his own church, which he had built of wood, on the spot upon which the abbatial house now stands. These relics were translated into the new church when it was built, but during the ravages of the Normans they were removed to several places in France, and at length into Flanders. At present the chief portions are preserved at S. Peter's, at Blandinberg, at Ghent, and at Montreuil in Lower Picardy, of which he is titular patron. His name occurs in the English Litany of the seventh age, published by Mabillon. He is titular Saint of S. Guingualoe, a Priory at

Chateau du Loir, dependent on Marmontier at Tours, and of several churches and parishes in France.

Such is the history of this Saint as gathered all available biographies, some of them containing the very scantiest materials.

GUNWALLOE CHURCH.

"The glory of a building is in its age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the waves of humanity."—J. RUSKIN.

ON the eastern side of Mount's Bay, nestled behind a cliff, by which it is protected from the raging waves, stands Gunwalloe Church, one of the oldest in Cornwall. It is believed to have been erected in the XIII. century, as a grateful offering of its pious founder, who was saved from shipwreck on the spot. So says tradition.

The tower was apparently once much higher than now, and is detached from the main building, a distance of fourteen feet separating them. A local account of the tradition gives as the reason that the *two sisters*, who were saved here from a vessel lost on these rocks, and who vowed that if spared they would build a church on the spot, could not agree as to the site, and they at length settled their differences by one of them choosing

BONAWHALOE.

the place of the tower, and the other the spot where the nave and chancel should stand.

Another tradition says, "the builders intended to erect the church on higher ground nearer the centre of the parish at Hingey, but as fast as materials were brought to the place, they were, by some mysterious agency, removed during the night to the present site, and here at length the church was built, as it was found useless to contend with a supernatural power.

In 1870 the then Vicar of Gunwalloe, writing of the building just before its restoration, says:—"All traces of the original edifice have probably long ago perished, for the oldest portions of the existing structure (in 1870), namely, the east and west walls of the nave, are considered to have been erected about the XIV. century;" adding, "So close is the building to the shore, that the waves have frequently broken away the walls of the churchyard."

The building at present consists of nave, chancel, and north and south aisles, XV. century style, the open roof of the south aisle containing some very good oak carving.

It must have been at one time a handsome edifice. The piers have carvings on the capitals of different designs, and once there was doubtless a handsome screen existing here, the remains of

which—a few panelled paintings and carved tracery—have been, for preservation, fitted as inner doors to each of the entrances. On page 128 is an illustration of one of these doors, and it will be seen immediately that the tracery is very handsome. Each of the panels (four of them in each portion of the screen) contains a painting of one of the Apostles, each with his appropriate emblem, as, *e.g.*, S. Matthew holding the axe; S. John holds a chalice with a serpent issuing from it; S. James the Great with staff and scrip, &c. These, no doubt, originally formed the lower part of the rood-screen.

The outer arch of the porch is panelled, and there exist the stone fragments of a handsome old stone window (for an illustration of this see p. 128), far superior in its tracery to any of those inserted during the restoration of the church.

The font is modern—a plain octagon of granite. The old bowl, which was formerly lying in the churchyard, is now placed inside the church, under the west window (see p. 128). It is an almost unique specimen of the early Norman period, beautifully sculptured in Pentewan stone, and bears in bold relief the well-known emblem mark of the Trinity House, the broad arrow ⅄ one of the earliest known emblems of the Holy Trinity, and is by no

means the least curious and interesting relic of the original church of Winwaloe.

Singular in its situation, it is still more curious to notice that the tower* and church are built on lines at different angles, the tower facing more to the southward than the nave and aisles.

The solid rock out of which the belfry tower is cut forms the south, west, and north walls of the structure, which is of two stages, and on these three sides the masonry of the tower only extends from the pyramidal roof to the first stage.

The old roof having been struck by lightning, the present one was placed there in 1868 by the lord of the manor and patron of the living.

There are three bells, apparently of different dates, and all more or less out of condition, one being cracked. They bear inscriptions:—

1. Voce mea viva depello cuncta nociva.
   My living voice dispels all hurtful things.

2. Ihs ois plaudit ut nec tam sepius audit.
   Jesus is praised, when my voice is heard.

This has been read also as—

Omnis sic plaudit qui me tam sœpius audit.

---

* There are but six churches in Cornwall that have a campanile as here, separate from the main building, and these are usually situated in a deep valley. The six are S. Feock, S. Mylor, Gwennap, Gunwalloe, Lamorran, and Jetland.

3. Eternis annis resonat campana Joannis
Let the bell of John for ever resound.

It is but a year or two since the restoration of the church was completed, and if we may judge of its former state by the amount of work and money expended on it, it must have been almost a ruin.

From the autumn of 1869 to the summer of 1871 the work was in hand, and in that time, in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, owing chiefly to the energies of the restoration committee, the sum (a very large one when the surroundings and population of Gunwalloe are considered) of £547 14s. was raised and expended on the building. From an entry in the parish register, the details appear to have been—

"New roof throughout the church, retaining the carved oak in the south aisle. The chancel was rebuilt and extended eastward two feet. The west wall of nave rebuilt and a new window inserted* (as also one in chancel). A new window in west end of north aisle, and the stone-work of all the remaining windows restored, and the church reseated. Paving the passages with Bridgewater

* Not one of these windows is comparable to the remains of the original, the fragments of one of which are now placed together against the west wall of the churchyard. See Illustration, p. 128—9.

WINDOW.

ANCIENT FONT.

PART OF ROOD SCREEN.

GUNWALLOE.

tiles, which took the place of the previous "lime-ash."

The church was opened with a festival on 5th June, 1871, at which the Bishop of the Diocese preached to a crowded congregation of some hundreds, gathered from all parts of West Cornwall to this romantic spot by the interest of the occasion, for it is seldom that a church whose foundations are just above high-water mark, over whose walls the salt sea spray dashes summer and winter, is considered, in its rocky isolation, of sufficient interest or worth to make so large an outlay as was required here probable, if even possible.

The registers of Gunwalloe (those remaining) are none of them ancient, the earliest being 1716; more ancient ones, which doubtless existed, have disappeared. That such old books contained more than the mere register of names and dates is well known, and many a curious custom or circumstance owes its record to the vellum page of the parish register.

Searching for curious documents of all kinds in the old iron parish chest, I came upon a sexton's bill for work in connection with the church in days gone by, and among other items there appeared—*

Killing 3 Foxes	...	...	7s. 6d.

* In the adjoining parish of Mullyon such entries are common as late as 1856-7.

Again—

Killing i Fox ... ... 2s. 6d.

What would fox-hunters say to this?

In other counties, however, sextons have been paid for work quite as unsexton-like as killing the noble Reynard; for in the pages of "Long Ago"* is the copy of an entry in an old town's-book at Croft, in Lincolnshire, A.D. 1718, as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
As sexton	02	10	00
For dogs' whipping	00	07	06
Dressing the Church ...	00	02	00
For oyle (oil)	00	02	04
For ringing the bell at 8 and 4	01	00	00
	04	01	10

Both these specimens pale, however, before the charge made in the last century by a London sexton on the churchwardens for—

3 Bushels of Dirt ... ... 4s. 6d.

Dirt must indeed have been dear in his days!

It has been said that there once existed in the churchyard a stone with the curious epitaph—

We shall die all
Shall die all wee
Die all we shall
All we shall die.

* The discontinuance of thispublication must be a matter of great regret to very many lovers of the curious.

But this is in all probability a mistake, as repeated search has been made for it, not only by the writer, but by a former Vicar of Gunwalloe, and it could nowhere be found, while there *is* a plate with an inscription in the church at Mawgan, the next parish, which might be very easily the one referred to.

It is commemorative of the death of Hannibal Basset, in 1708-9, and it will be seen that, read up and down, or in the ordinary way, they have the same meaning :—

"Shall	we	all	dye?
Wee	shall	dye	all!
All	dye	shall	wee?
Dye	all	wee	shall!"

Of crosses, something has been already said in connection with that in Cury churchyard.

Those in Cornwall are justly regarded as among the most ancient in England. Thinned by the farmer, and the unsparing hand of destructive ignorance, their name is still legion, many of them retaining, in spite of their weather-beaten aspect and antiquity, traces of the skill and art of those early ages in the carvings and symbols inscribed upon them.

Many of them are considered of earlier date than the conquest of Cornwall by Athelstan in 936, and

have been even quoted as monuments of Christianity previous to the Saxon rule, and to have been sanctuaries, places of public preaching or prayer, perhaps the record of some deed of battle or murder, ever pointing the pilgrim to the adjacent chapel and oratory or the distant church.

Such a cross may that of Gunwalloe have been. If we may conjecture its position, it was probably by the side of the pathway which led the wayfarer across the little stream that here meanders through the sand-banks, at any rate somewhere near the church formerly stood a stone cross, which is mentioned by several writers as being of very early workmanship. It was thrown down long since, and was said, a year or two ago, to be lying at the bottom of the stream which empties itself into the sea.

After very diligent inquiry, however, the writer found that a *stone* cross and base had been, in bygone years, taken from Gunwalloe to Penrose, the seat of J. J. Rogers, Esq., for safety, and this cross has now been placed in the angle of the south-east corner of the chancel wall at Gunwalloe, not by any means its original position, but at any rate where, for the future, it may be safe from mutilation or destruction.

WRECKS.

TRA MOR TRA. BRYTHON.—TALIESIN.

Wide as the sea the British name extends.

'Tis night! upon the Cornish coast
  Full loud the breakers roar,
And helplessly yon gallant barque
  Drifts on the dark lee shore;
And quickly now the signal guns
  Boom high above the gale.
O many a dark-eyed Cornish girl
  At that wild sound grows pale.

The Life-boat's mann'd, stand clear ahead!
  There's death upon the gale,
Cheer up, dear lass, one parting kiss—
  Your lips look cold and pale.
The Life-boat's mann'd, stand clear ahead!
  No time to sigh for home.
Hurrah! the gallant Life-boat
  Sweeps through the seething foam.

Bend boldly to your task, brave hearts,
  It is a glorious strife!
On ev'ry oar-blade flashing high
  There hangs some loved one's life.
A cheer so faint comes down the wind,
  All hands we yet may save;
Now lift our gallant Life-boat
  Like lightning o'er the wave.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

THERE seems to be no reason to doubt the story tradition gives us of the founding of Gunwalloe Church.

That in days of yore some pious individual clinging to his shattered vessel, as she bumped

and ground upon the rocks of the Castle headland, seeing his comrades one after another swallowed up by the seething relentless waves, should register a vow that, if saved from death, *there*, on that very spot, would he raise a building to God's honour, is far more probable than many of the wild things one meets with in the villages of Cornwall, and which form the "raison d'etre" of this or that curiosity of antiquity.

Indeed, except in some such way as tradition says it is difficult to account for the presence of a church in such a place, where the sea spray sprinkles it in summer, and in winter storms the waves beat full against the churchyard wall, at times making an open breach.

It is almost impossible for those who have never witnessed the effects of a winter's gale on our rocky coast, to realize what the scene is like, or what the magnitude and force of the wild tearing waves will do.

Should a gale be blowing from a southerly point, and a vessel be unfortunate enough to get embayed, unless the weather moderate, it is almost impossible to prevent her loss.

Happily, since the erection of the Wolf Rock Lighthouse off the dangerous corner of the Land's End, the number of wrecks between Plymouth

and Cape Cornwall has greatly decreased ;* still, from time to time in the savage wintry hurricane, one and another gets caught, and then we have the sad record in the wreckage along shore, and the "stranger's" churchyard grave.

The parish register is a necessarily brief history, yet how much of pathos is there in even the four words of such entries as the following from—

†GUNWALLOE PARISH REGISTER.

1808 Joseph Dale.‡ Son of John Dale, drowned

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* At the very time the author was writing these lines a vessel was being dashed on the rocks not many hundred yards from Gunwalloe Church.

† This list only includes such entries during the present century (and appended to it are a few extracts as regards Mullion, the next parish); as, before 1807-8, shipwrecked bodies were buried, not in the churchyard, but along the shore and cliff wherever found.

‡ This John Dale, of Gunwalloe, is immortalized by the village poet in some lines on his tombstone, which introduces the idea of "bathing," in a way quaintly illustrative of poetical liberty of thought—

When softest pity mov'd his heart
  A brother's life to save,
Himself, alas! a victim fell
  To the relentless wave.
But tho' his mortal part be dead
  His spirit lives above;
Where he may *bathe from danger free*
  In seas of heavenly love.

while endeavouring to rescue one of the crew of a Hamburgh vessel wrecked near the Looe Bar, in which attempt he succeeded, though with the loss of his own life. The vessel was bound from Oporto to London with wine, and was lost a little to the west of the bar. 7 April.

1809 A body. Found on the shore. 15 Feb.

1810 Two bodies. Found on the sea shore, supposed to have been the remains of two seamen of the Clio sloop wrecked on the bar. 17 and 18 Aug.

1817 Seven bodies. These nine sailors were drowned on this coast, seven of whom were washed on shore in this parish, one in Sithney, the others not found. The vessel was the French brig L'Hamecon, Capt. Guillemie, from Marseilles to Havre de Grace. The seven buried in this churchyard *could not be recognized*; the vessel was stranded on the 23rd. 25 Jan.

1817 Sailor's body, supposed from his dress to be an officer. This body, washed ashore on 25th, was supposed to have belonged to a French Chasse Maree, lost on the coast (not a soul saved), Jan. 24 26 Jan.

Sailor's body, with three stars on his left hand and other marks on his right. Washed

on shore, Jan. 26, supposed to have belonged to the aforesaid Chasse Maree. 29 Jan.

Sailor's body very much mangled. Washed ashore Feb. 5, supposed to have belonged to Chasse Maree 22 Feb.

Peter Penybrig. Sloop Dove, of Dartmouth, bound from Neath to Plymouth, wrecked on Gunwalloe Cove, Master Williams, 81 tons, laden with culm. 3 July.

William Gay. Ditto ditto ditto. 3 July

1819 A body. Washed ashore. 10 Dec.

1822 Sailor's body very much mangled. Supposed to have belonged to the brig Minto, wrecked in March in this cove, the only sailor drowned. 24 April

1826 Three sailors. These three belonged to the Swedish ketch Icla, of Stockholm, Master J. C. Holtz, which was stranded near Porthleven. These men were washed overboard just before the vessel struck; there was another man also drowned belonging to the same ship. 8 Feb.

1829 A man's body. Unknown, washed in under Hal Zephron cliff. 1 Mar.

1833 A sailor. Found drowned, marked on the arm with the letters G. F. M., then the figure of a heart, and the letters F. P. 24 Nov.

1838 Two bodies. Supposed to belong to a vessel wrecked at Mullion. 7 July.

1840 A female child. Found on the high seas, brought ashore at Gunwalloe. 12 June.

1846 A lad's body. Washed ashore, 6 Oct., very much mangled. 7 Oct.

Three men. Of the crew of the Elizabeth of Bergen, in Norway, wrecked at Gunwalloe, 20 Nov. (fifteen hands saved by a rope).* 23 Nov.

Five bodies. Late of the crew of the barque Isis, of Russian Finland, laden with corn, wrecked at Poljew, on the night of Oct. 10 (the captain, mate and four seamen, only were saved). 14 Oct.

A body very much mangled. Supposed to have belonged to the Isis. 18 Oct.

1850 Three bodies much mangled. Supposed part of the crew of the Windrush schooner, wrecked on Poljew side of Gunwalloe Church cove, Nov. 29. 10 Dec.

A body. Washed in Dec. 9; one of the crew of the above. 16 Dec.

For his bravery on this occasion Henry Cuttance, a Gunwalloe man, was presented with a silver cup by the King of Norway. See page 145.

1859 Three men. Late of the ship Chincas, of Liverpool, drowned on the Looe Bar. 9 Nov.

1862 Four bodies, three male and one female, supposed to be the captain's wife. Late of the barque (Auguste) Padre, of Trieste, laden with wheat, wrecked at Poljew Cove; only four saved—thirteen in all lost—registered also at Mullion. 27 Jan.

A body. Supposed to have belong to crew of above vessel. 24 Feb.

1862 Brigantine Oscar wrecked; all saved. 17 Oct.

1863 A body. 19 June.

1866 Three bodies. Part of the crew of the Santesta, a Brazilian barque, wrecked near the fishing cove, Nov. 14, 1865; only two out of nineteen saved. 2, 10 and 14 Jan.

1867 A body. Washed ashore at Poljew, supposed to be from a Dutch ship Jonkheer Meester Van de Wall van Putteshock (*sic*), Capt. Klass Lammerts, from Batavia to Rotterdam, laden with coffee and sugar; wrecked under Angrowse Cliff, Mullion, on the morning of March 26th, when out of twenty-five souls on board crew and passengers, one only was saved. Fifteen bodies buried at Mullion. 11 April.

1869 A body. Came on shore at Little Cove, sup-

posed to have belonged to a party of twenty-one men who left the Calcutta Indiaman, in the ship's life-boat, when she was abandoned at the entrance of the English Channel, Feb. 8, on her voyage to Bombay with electric telegraph cable. The life-boat itself came ashore empty at Mullion, Feb. 9. The ship was afterwards brought into Plymouth.

8 May

1872 Nov. 23. Schooner Lochleven Flower, being embayed all hands took the boats, one was swamped at sea; other was mashed as they she touched shore at Looe Bar. Every soul drowned. The vessel came ashore at Halzephron, and went to pieces immediately.

1873 Dec. 18. The body of a sailor belonging to the Coquette, wrecked at Gunwalloe three weeks ago.

Dec. 27. On the morning of Dec. 27, was brought to me a scrap of paper with some words almost illegible, scribbled in pencil, which had been washed ashore in a bottle at Gunwalloe. The writing was at length deciphered—"Zibriea, on board, but well, fearful storm, probably the last day." (*Signature illegible.*) This paper was at once forwarded on to Messrs. Fox and Co., at the Lizard

MULLYON COVE.

Signal Station, who sent it to Hamburg in order that the ship might be identified.

In the next parish, Mullion, the registers afford the same sad evidence of the dangers of the coast once it becomes to the mariner a lee shore.

MULLION.

1838 Nov. 24. A Neapolitan vessel. lost 15

1858 Sept. 17. The Mary, of Bridgewater, at Polurrian. lost 1

The Glencoe came ashore same day at the same spot.

Sept. 22. The Chester schooner foundered off here. lost 3

1862 Jan. 11. The brig Dolland. at the Rill, only only one saved; six drowned. lost 6

Jan. 22 The Austrian barque Padre, already mentioned in Gunwalloe list. lost 13.

Dec. 10. Schooner Arwenack, of Truro. lost 5.

1867 Jan. 6. Schooner Margaret, at Rock an Enys, all but one lost. lost 4.

Schooner Cherub, wrecked the same day, all saved.

Schooner Ebbw Vale also came on shore the same day having been abandoned at her anchors.

Oct. 21 Barque Achilles. Capt. David Kinnear, at Polurrian; all hands saved by life-boat and rocket apparatus.

1868 Jan. 22. Smack Maria Louisa, of Padstow, struck on Mullion Island and sank. lost 3.

1869 Feb. 9. The boat of the Calcutta, S.S., which had been in collision with the barque Emma in the Bay of Biscay, found ashore near Polurrain, supposed to have struck on Mullion Island. lost 22.

April 12. Schooner Remedy, Capt. Bouchar, struck near Hugo Down and soon went to pieces; all saved in own boat.

1871 Feb. 14. French lugger struck on Mullion Island, the captain and crew deserted the vessel and landed in their own boat at Kynance; the vessel soon broke up.

1873 Mar. 1. Barque Boyne, Wheelan master, struck under cliffs on Merries Ledges at 5.30—not discovered for an hour or more. Three men and a lad saved in their own boat. All the others drowned in spite of utmost exertions of life-boat crew and rocket apparatus. lost 15.

Most of these wrecks, if not every one of them, are remembered by two old inhabitants of the parish of Gunwalloe, from whom much valuable

information has been received, and their testimony being most thoroughly independent every corroborative incident adds weight to the whole.

The following entry in one of the Gunwalloe registers is interesting, and the same particulars have been, since related to the present writer by Mr. Cornish, who is still alive.

"On Nov. 4, 1870, the Friday before Mullion Feast, Mr. Edward Cornish, of this parish (82 years of age), related to the then vicar of Gunwalloe how he remembered that on this day, sixty-three years ago, in 1807, the transport Susan and Rebecca was wrecked under Hal-zephron Cliffs. That there were about 180 souls on board, all except the crew, belonging to the 7th Light Dragoons, who were returning from the expedition to Buenos Ayres, under General Whitelock. That 28 horsemen, 10 sailors, and 3 children were drowned, but the women, 8 in number, were saved, and that all might have been easily landed but for their reluctance to leave the ship, which contained "lots of plunder."

The ship came on shore about 10 at night and went to pieces about 11 next day. He remembered the wreck of the Anson frigate on the Looe Bar in the same year, 1807, three days before new year's day, being present at both wrecks, the circumstances were impressed on his mind.

The whole of this is corroborated by Henry Cuttance, who relates that the Anson left Falmouth on Christmas eve; he saw her then as she was being towed out of harbour by her own boats —a few days after she lost her maintopmast, became disabled, and came ashore at Gunwalloe.

In the same year the Despatch, Capt. George Fenwick, was wrecked at Coverack and only seven saved, and a sloop of war was lost on the Manacles—only one man being saved—all the bodies recovered were buried at St. Keverne.

He well remembered the wreck of the Susan and Rebecca, and the circumstance that forty of those then drowned were buried in one grave on Hal-zephron Cliffs. Previous to this date it was the custom to bury all bodies cast up by the sea just where they were found, or in the nearest convenient spot; this, however, was the last instance of the kind; the feeling excited on this occasion being so strong, that the late Mr. Davies Gilbert obtained an Act of Parliament sanctioning the burial of shipwrecked bodies in consecrated ground, so that since 1808 the more happy practice has been continuously observed of giving them a resting place beneath the churchyard turf.

This old veteran, Cuttance, must have been present at nearly all the wrecks upon the coast for

miles. He remembered them all, and he has the honour (of which he is justly proud) of being the first Englishman upon whom a personal distinction has been conferred by a reigning prince, for he possesses a silver cup presented to him by Oscar, King of Norway, in recognition of his services and daring in rescuing the survivors of the crew from a Norwegian schooner, wrecked in Poljew in 1846.

The inscription on the silver tankard reads—

OSCAR King of Norway,
to
Henry Cuttance,
of
Gunwalloe,
for brave and noble Actions on the
20 Nov. 1846.

(The vessel was the schooner 'Elizabeth," of Bergen; came ashore at Poljew Cove. The captain, mate, and boatswain, were drowned, and it was mainly through the exertions of Cuttance the survivors, 15 number, were saved.)

Johns, in his Week at the Lizard,* mentions a

* 1st Ed., 1848, p. 205.

wreck which occurred in the same place forty years before he wrote, in which instance the yeomanry were called in request to prevent depredations. and a miner was killed in the scuffle that took place.

He goes on to relate the story of a wreck, at which old Cuttance was the hero, and through whose instrumentality mainly the three survivors were saved.

The vessel was a Norwegian, laden with Indian corn, and came ashore right on a large rock to the westward of the cove. She had no sooner struck than she went to pieces. Three of her crew were washed by the waves against the base of the cliff, and gaining foothold, they managed to scale the rocks, and wandered inland in search of help. At dawn of day, returning to search for their comrades, those who came back with them, saw some dark object in a cleft of the rock, which turned out to be three men huddled together, and so exhausted as to be incapable of any exertion or effort to save themselves.

By the skill and daring of the villagers, among whom the "old smuggler" (as the author of the Week at the Lizard calls Cuttance), was conspicuous, a small cord was at length thrown to them which the poor fellows managed to make fast' and by it hot coffee and bread and butter

were sent over to them. Refreshed and strengthened they aided new endeavours to establish communication with the shore, and in a few hours this was accomplished much after the fashion of the rocket apparatus, by a rude chair sliding over a strong rope, and in this manner they were one by one brought safe to land after ten hours' exposure to the gale and a sea which dashed over them the greater part of the time.

The remainder of the crew, six in number, were lost; and, says Mr. Johns, "for more than a fortnight the shore was crowded by poor people fishing up the damaged corn, which, though unfit for human food, found ready purchasers among those who kept pigs. People came a distance of ten or twelve miles to visit the scene of the wreck, and the various roads to the spot were a long time sprinkled with Indian corn which fell from their carts and bags.

One of the most interesting narratives of modern shipwreck is that of the "Jonkheer Meester," and an account of it would have found a place here, but the author learnt, while these pages were in the press, that the respected vicar of Mullion, in whose parish the wreck occurred, is about to publish it in his "Mullyonania," and it is therefore here suppressed.

WRECK OF THE COQUETTE.

"The huge waves raise their angry crests on high
Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast,
Whose stiff breath, whistling shrill,
Pierces with deadly chill
The wet crew, feebly clinging to their shattered mast."

N Wednesday night, Nov. 26, 1873, over the whole of our western coast there blew a gale from the S.W. Dark as pitch the pitiless wind howled and whistled round the houses, which even in their sheltered nooks inland, could yet not hide themselves from the raging storm.

The author was busy preparing the foregoing sheets, on the wrecks at Gunwalloe, and at the moment a louder and stronger blast than usual thundered down upon and shook the house, remarked—"If this gale holds till morning we shall have a wreck."

At an early hour next day a messenger arrived with the intelligence that a ship had gone ashore at Gunwalloe in the night, and one poor fellow drowned.

The French schooner Coquette was on her voyage from Bordeaux to Swansea when the fearful darkness of that fateful night overtook her.

Beating about in Mounts Bay, her sails splits one after another into ribands, and when night came her captain missed his reckoning and lights, and with disabled vessel and not sufficient canvass to manage her, the crew anticipated the worst.

But men will dare and do much, when looking death in the face, and this was the occasion of an act of bravery which deserves a record, and the success that attended it.

The smart little vessel was driven by the relentless storm into a small cove, where the jagged cliffs rose precipitously for a height of 200 feet.

The huge waves dashed over her with crushing force, and striking the solid rocks shook them to their base, beating themselves all the while into a seething mass of foam.

Long before daylight the vessel would be shivered into atoms and her crew perish; but one of them bravely volunteered to attempt to carry a line ashore; and, fastening it round his body, plunged into the darkness and boiling surf.

Clinging to the shaking wreck his comrades strained their eyes to watch him, but in vain. At length there came a pull at the cord, and a faint cry from the rocks above, and they knew their deliverer had really managed to maintain his hold on the slippery cliff, and by climbing from one crag to another to reach a place of comparative safety.

But the perilous work of saving his fellow seamen was not yet accomplished; drawing a rope ashore, and making it fast to a boulder, one by one the rest scrambled across it hand over hand; benumbed, exhausted, half drowned, they came all but one. He, poor fellow, paused midway, and whether from fear or numbness relaxed his hold, dropped into the foam and disappeared. Three weeks afterwards his body came ashore, and we laid in the little churchyard, which contains so many seaman's graves, all that remained of Noyé, the "boy," of the Coquette."

The wonder was how the first man accomplished his desperate feat. To accomplish it in daylight would be extraordinary enough, but for a stranger to attempt it in the darkness, and succeed is little short of the miraculous. Providentially the vessel came into the only opening in the cliff, where such a thing could possibly be done; nowhere east or west of that very spot, would there have been even the one chance out of the hundred for the desperate swimmer who should risk it.

The escape of the survivors was a matter of astonishment to many, and the whole occurrence was well described in the newspapers at the time, one of which contained the following:—

FATAL WRECK IN MOUNT'S BAY.

A DESPERATE EXPLOIT.

Early on Wednesday a small schooner was observed beating in Mount's Bay, and apparently making very little progress. The wind was shifting from S.W. to N.W., and it was evident that unless she cleared the Mullion land before nightfall her position would be precarious. The rocket apparatus from Porthleven, in charge of the coastguard officers, who were on the look out, was taken to Gunwalloe, and before midnight the vessel struck at Halzephron, a little cove about half a mile from Gunwalloe Church. The cliffs here are most precipitous, and nearly 200 feet high; and the night was dark, with a gale of wind blowing, and a very heavy sea running. The coast guard were certain the ship was ashore, but could not see her distinctly. At last they made her out, and as she rose and fell with the waves they fired a rocket from the top of the cliffs. Whether the line crossed the the ship is unknown, but it was not made fast. Soon after the rocket was fired the Mullion coastguardsmen with their apparatus arrived. As the tide was ebbing the officers got down the dangerous track to the beach, and there, huddled together in

a cleft of the rock, were four men. It was soon found that the captain and his crew had all left the wreck. Seeing that total destruction was inevitable if they waited, one of the crew offered to swim ashore, and in the darkness of midnight, with the surging water raging all around, and the tempest howling, the noble fellow boldly plunged overboard with a line. The perilous task accomplished, he managed to make fast the rope to a projecting crag, and hand-over-hand the captain and one sailor landed safely. The third to go over the side was a boy between sixteen and seventeen years of age, but quite a man in stature, and either through fear, or more probably from his hands being benumbed, he let go his hold, fell into the raging sea, and was swept away and seen no more. The remaining sailor then swung off and joined the survivors. Not an article was saved, and there the poor fellows lay shivering with cold with saturated clothes. The officers took off their warm top coats, and did all they could to alleviate their sufferings. The captain spoke English, and informed them that his vessel was the Coquette, of Dourrprensey, from Bordeaux, fifty-nine tons register, bound for Swansea, with a cargo of pitwood for coal mines. Captain Le Signé was owner, and left France only on Tuesday. He evidently was

unacquainted the coast, and mistook the lights of the bay, possibly seeing only one of the Lizard lights he thought it was the Longships.

The schooner held together, and about three o'clock the tide had fallen so that Mr. William Lassiter, coastguardsman of Gunwalloe, got on board, and the crew followed. In a short time, through his energy, all the clothes and navigating instruments were got together, thrust into bags or made up into bundles, and sent ashore. A bag of biscuit was also landed, and the captain was anxious to save two casks of brandy. These were eventually thrown over the side. The tide was now flowing, and all hands left the vessel. But for the anchor having been thrown out when she struck she would have drifted broadside on, and all would probably have been drowned, but the vessel swung with her stern to the shore, and thus the distance was not great. About nine o'clock in the morning, heavy breakers began to disturb the schooner's position, and in a very short time—in fact, in a few minutes—she went to pieces, and the cargo floated out, and was strewed all around the bay. The mass of rigging, with the keel, held there by the anchor, marked the spot; but within an hour this was all that was left of the Coquette. The crew were taken care of at Gunwalloe, and

made as comfortable as possible till they could be removed to their homes.

The place were this wreck took place is within a few yards of the spot on which the Lochleven Flower was so fatally stranded last November; and looking down Halzephron's rocky sides, where the cliffs are almost perpendicular, and whose name signifies the infernal heights, the escape of the crew of the Coquette seemed almost miraculous. In broad daylight, and with aid at hand, such an adventure as the French sailor undertook would be fraught with danger and hazardous to life.

During Wednesday night there was a good deal of lightning over the Land's End district from the S.W., and the sky was exceedingly dark in that direction. The whole was exceedingly stormy, and it is to be feared that many more wrecks will be heard of. The Coquette was thought to be at anchor, and the Mousehole pilot boats might have got to her if they had known she was in trouble.

Very seldom is it that the ideal of the poet could be realized in all its fullness on that rugged shore; though nothing can exceed the loveliness of a calm summer's day in an about those limpid pools and rocky coves that startle one into admiration at every turn.

THE DOLLAR WRECK.

"Far as the eye can peer,
The waters roll, divinely blue and clear,
With white sails flashing in the sunlight's ray,
Of countless vessels, near and far away;

Here the wild sea-gull plumes her snowy breast,
Then skims the wave or perches on the crest
Of some majestic cairn, or cromlech where
Long ages past the Druids knelt in prayer,
Till, with stretched wing she cleaves the fields of blue,
Dips 'neath the Atlantic, and is lost to view."

MONG the stories of the many wrecks, which in themselves add to the weird interest of this rugged bit of coast, is that of one which has been the cause of much speculation and adventure. More money has probably been spent in the endeavour to recover the lost treasure than the vessel was worth when she sailed out of port with her rich freight on board.

Eighty-eight years ago, on a stormy night, a Spanish vessel came ashore on the point of cliff which shelters the little church of S. Winwaloe; just on the outside of a ledge of rocks she struck and went to pieces; nothing of her was saved. She had on board a large quantity of specie, variously

estimated, but generally supposed to have been about seventeen to nineteen tons weight of dollars.*

There must have been a very considerable quantity from the fact that, from time to time, ever since, considerable numbers have been picked up. I have even heard that, years ago, the boys on the neighbouring farms used to go during their dinner time down to the rocks, laid bare at low tide, and there pick them up in pails and buckets. The pails-full may be exagerations, but sufficient have been found to prove that a very large quantity were on board the vessel.

No measures, however, on a large scale, for recovering the precious metal, were adopted till the year 1845, when people were startled to hear that a party of adventurers were going to sink a dollar mine in the sea. The vessel had gone to pieces between two rocks at a short distance from the base of the cliff, and here it was proposed to construct a kind of breakwater or coffer-dam, from which the water was to be pumped out, and the dollars picked up at leisure.

A path was cut in the face of the cliff, and iron rods were fixed in the rocks. The work was begun

* The Parochial History of Cornwall says two and a-half tons, but this is far too small considering the numbers which are known to have been recovered from time to time.

in lovely weather,* and a continuous calm lasted for about six weeks; had the work been prosecuted with vigour, they might have succeeded in the first part of the enterprise; but, just as the breakwater was on the point of completion, a breeze sprung up from the S.W., and in the course of a few hours the waves knocked it and all the machinery away, annihilating in a single night the work of so many weeks.

The attempt to recover the treasure in 1845, if the first, was by no means the last venture of the kind; from time to time fresh schemes have been put forward to this end, and with the same want of success. The general belief is, that the ship struck on the outer rock of the ledge, and heeling over on her side, tumbled the dollars out into a sort of natural basin in the rock, where they are supposed to have remained (the main portion of them) covered with sand.

Some years ago a company was formed for getting them up. They sunk a shaft in a solid rock, and drove from that an adit under the shore for many feet, trying more than one plan to get at

* It is a very unusual thing for a calm to last many days at this point. There is a certain set of tide, both in ebb and flow, which creates an under swell. During the whole three months that Mr. Boyd's party worked in '72, there was not *one* day when the diver could stand under water with comfort.

the place where the dollars were supposed to be lying. Unfortunately one day the water burst into the workings, the miners took to their heels and saved themselves, but not their tools.

The last, and most interesting effort to reach these lost dollars, was in 1872, when a London clergyman, projecting a summer's holiday, lit upon the novel expedient of passing a few weeks at Gunwalloe, camping out on the cliff, and making an attempt to pump up the sand, and then get at the coin with a diver.

It was a capitally original idea—and as thorough a relaxation from the brain wearing work and anxieties of an East London parish as could well be imagined—the only regret felt by all who witnessed the most interesting operations of the working party was, that their labours were foiled by continued rough weather and their enterprise was not rewarded by the recovery of the treasure.

It will be well perhaps to tell the story of "The Dollar Mine" in the very words of the narrative written during the progress, and shortly after the completion of the venture, for "The British Juvenile."*

THE DOLLAR MINE.

I.

A few weeks ago I took a tramp in dear old

* "The British Juvenile," Vol. . pp. and 283.

Cornwall. I wanted much to see the Land's End, for often and often I had stood and looked at the big map of England in our school-room, and wondered what the coast must look like, in that funny little corner of our island, the "Old Woman's toe," as we used to call it, for we boys always had a notion that on the map England and Scotland looked like an old woman sitting down, nursing a baby on her lap. The baby of course is Wales.

Well, I went by the train, as far as it could take me, and then I started for my tramp, and I walked the old ground right round the coast that our fathers, the ancient Britons, ay, and men before them, walked over and over again.

I saw, in fact, all there was to see; and wonderful sights they were. Druidical stones and old churches and granite quarries, and such cliffs. Nowhere have I ever seen such piles of stones, many of them as big as a good sized cottage, piled one on top of another, just as if they had been laid there by a mason from town, and yet every one of these rocks so heavy no machinery man ever made would move it.

And then I stood on the very tip and edge of Land's End and looked out to sea. I felt as I never felt before, the majesty of the ocean, the mighty power of God, and the infinite wisdom of his works.

As I stood and watched at the roaring waves, which dashed their spray over the lighthouse in the distance out at sea, and yet made no visible impression on the black rocks at my feet, I thought, supposing these rocks had been anything but granite—granite hard as adamant—the sea would soon have the hills down, and make short work with the cliffs at their feet, but granite stands, hard and cold, and the old sea cannot knock it over, cannot make very much impression; and thus the Land's End preserves its pointed form from generation to generation, with little change or alteration, as the seasons come and go.

In the course of my walking I saw plenty of mining, and tin mines everywhere; but one little scene will long remain with me, and the Dollar Mine of Gunwalloe be a pleasant memory with me for many a long day.

Well, you will say, I know they dig deep for tin and copper, but surely they don't go down for dollars, and find ready made coins in the mines.

So I must explain what the villagers and fishermen called a "dollar mine."

In my walk one day along the coast, I ascended the cliff higher and higher, the road winding first one way then another, until I reached the top, and then I saw a lovely prospect before me. The sea

as blue as it is possible for it to be, before me a small line of rock jutting out into the sea, forming on either side of it a sandy cove, and on the lower land side of the rock a little church and tower peeping out, its foundations only a few feet from the waves, and its roof open to the spray from the glistening waters.

On the top of the rocky hill above the church were two tents, which looked white and clean against the evening sky.

"What have we here, then?" said I to the boy I had picked up as a guide.

"Oh! they be the dollar men."

"The dollar men?"

"Ees!" says he. "They be diving for dollars."

This was curious enough to make me curious. After a closer inspection of the tents and apparatus I found on the hill, I learnt enough of what was going on to induce me to walk over the "Towans,' as they call the sand hills, to the village and there take up my abode for a few days, while I made my observations on the dollar mine.

That night round the wood fire in the inn kitchen, while the old mother nodded in her chair, and the kitten played with her knitting, which had fallen all unheeded on the floor, the old master told me the whole history of the dollar mine.

"Eighty-five years ago, on a stormy night, a

Spanish vessel came ashore on the point there, just outside the ledge of rocks, struck, went down, nothing saved.

"She went to pieces, laden with Spanish dollars; and strange to relate very few of the dollars were washed ashore. *Few comparatively.* From time to time some dozens were picked up. Now the boys would find a few in dinner time; then a chance comer would pick up one or more; but the general belief was that she struck on the outer rock, and heeling over on her side, tumbled all the dollars out into a sort of natural basin in the rock, and that there they have been ever since.

"Many years ago a company was started to get the dollars up. They sunk a shaft in the solid rock, and drove from that a passage along under the shore for many feet, trying first one plan and then another to get at the places where they hoped the dollars would be, until one unlucky day the water burst into their mine. The miners took to their heels and saved themselves, but not their tools. These were left, and the water took possession of the rock once more.

"Another adventurer was struck with the idea that he could build a breakwater just outside the cove and set to work in lovely weather to do it —indeed he nearly succeeded, but just as the breakwater was complete a storm arose, and

knocked it and all his machinery away, annihilating in a single night the labour of weeks and months.

"Now, however, they are trying something different. They are going to pump the dollars up."

"Pump them up from the bottom of the sea?" said I.

"Ay," said the old man. "They have got a pump, and they can pump 'em; and maybe they'll have the dollars yet."

Such was the story I heard that night before I went to bed: nay, more, the old fellow, to satisfy my longing curiosity, produced a dollar which he had picked up last summer in the cove, jammed tight between two rocks. Here was proof positive that dollars were about. Nothing more was needed. I engaged my room for a week, and made up my mind to join the dollar party.

It certainly was a pretty sight: the tents, the headland, and the sea. No house, no life present, but ourselves. We made a lively party on the whole, though my work the week through was chiefly looking on, and lending a hand now and then.

We,—for I felt so deep an interest in the proceedings, as to identify myself with the whole thing,—we had a couple of engineers, a couple of miners, a professional diver and his mate, a sailor to cook, three or four to look on and lend a hand, two dogs

to keep guard, and nothing that any one could possibly carry away.

In the shaft of the mine, the one that the company formed years ago, we fixed the pump, a huge affair altogether. The diver had to clear out this shaft, first of all, and there, twenty-five feet below the surface of the sea, he found the mining tools the men had left behind when they ran for life, a quarter of a century ago.

At length the pump is fixed;—now to drive it. This must be done with the agricultural engine of a thrashing machine,—and the rocks must be blasted and cut away so as to allow the driving-bands of india-rubber to run freely.

At length all is prepared. Pipes are laid and fixed in the passages of the mine and shaft, which protects the framework of the pump, and prevents it being washed away, and now nothing to do but to blow up the end of the mine into the sea and pump away: and if the dollars are anywhere about the cove, up they must come.

But all this preparation was not completed in a minute or a day. My week lengthened itself out; for there were days when the sea was so rough the men could not work at all, others when the diver could only go down in his queer looking dress for about an hour, and then the waves rose too high.

So that, after all, my holiday came to an end

and I saw no dollars. I was hopeful and anxious, and my eyes longed to see the shining money in the trough where the great engine threw the vast volumes of sand and water,—eight tons per minute,—but day after day passed and the dollars came not, but I trust still, for they are working still, and though I have nothing but a few little sketches of the tents and the engine, and the pretty little Gunwalloe Church, nestled in its rocky home, and the memories of the many quiet hours spent by the dollar mine; yet I wish them well, and hope the treasure will yet be theirs, for they work with a will, earnest and undaunted, and deserve success, doing what they have taken in hand, with all their might and main.

THE DOLLAR MINE.

PART II.

GUNWALLOE once again! for in all my work in this dusty city, my thoughts were continually going back to the little Cornish hamlet with its wild and beautiful coast scenes, its simple-hearted people, in the midst of which I had spent my happy summer holiday, watching the "dollar diving" party of whom I told our young readers awhile ago.

Gunwalloe once again! for I could not stay

away, and I wanted to see the *end* of the Dollar Mine, and watch, with my own eyes, the shining coins, as I pictured them to myself, coming up out of the sea.

Turning my back on the busy hum of towns, not many hours of travel brought me to the end of England, and after a tedious drive of many miles from the nearest station, I found myself standing once more on the little grassy headland, looking out to sea, enjoying the fresh breeze and pure air, and anxiously inquiring all the latest news from the "venturers," who this time welcomed me amongst them, not as a stranger, but rather as an old friend.

No dollars yet, though! Not a shadow of one. The weather had been too rough; and many a day did the little company look out seaward, watching the weather, taking the measure of the sky as we called it; hoping every turn of the wind would bring the favourable calm.

Determined now to watch the "Dollar" operations to the end, I gladly joined the party, and made my first essay in "camping out," whieh needs to be experienced to be described, and is, with all its drawbacks, a pleasant change from city life.

Oh, what a history I could write of our little makeshifts! How, for want of washing basins, we used the good old sea himself, taking our dip every morning, as soon as day-break warned every man

to turn out and roll up his blankets. And then our washing day, and episodes of cooking, our little journeys inland to forage, and our traffic with the natives,— all would fill a book.

Our tents were pitched upon the top of the cliff, not many feet from the edge, and in hot and sunny weather were extremely comfortable, and always convenient, being so close to the work ; but in windy weather it made sharp work for us all to hold on. One tent was used by the manager of the enterprise, his foreman, and any visitors who might wish to stay a night or two as his guests—at the "*Atlantic Hotel*," as we named it—for one might almost as well be out on the Atlantic itself as within forty feet of it, on a stormy night in a tent. In the other tent, a large one, lived the diver and his mate, two Cornish miners, a sailor to cook for the party, and a couple of labourers, besides the engineers to look after the machinery.

One night, when the sea was roaring and the wind blowing so roughly that, although every one of us were in our blankets snug enough, yet not one of us could sleep, suddenly there was a rent, and a gust, that made a noise like a gun, and in a moment all was bustle and confusion in the darkness. The hurricane had lifted one of the peg ropes that held down the tent, and before any one could lend a hand to secure it, away went the flap of the tent,

and away went blankets and clothes and everything that was not secured, or too heavy to be blown away. Fortunately, the wind was blowing in from the sea, and not off the land, or else everything would have gone out to the waves. As it was, there was a general stampede in the darkness, every one for himself; some half dressed, and some trying to dress, but all hurrying down the hill to catch the runaway goods.

With all the agility the party possessed, some of the things were not to be found till day-light came and disclosed their hiding places—behind a big stone, hitched in a bank, or hidden away in a ditch.

No more sleep that night for any of us, and after that, we were careful to see that our fastenings were all secure, when the wind blew more hard than usual.

And then the way we amateurs did work! At the very edge of the cliff a sort of platform had to be cleared, whereon the engine might stand to drive the pump-bands.

This huge machine must be held back from toppling over, by strong ropes affixed to posts sunk deep into the ground; and to dig the holes for these was no trifling labour, for below the surface of about six inches of earth there was nothing but solid rock that would only yield to a crowbar or a heavy pick.

It was done, however, after many a turn and turn about, for during all this time, when the tide allowed, we all went down on to a large flat rock, where the old shaft was situated, at the bottom of the cliff, and which was uncovered at half tide.

Our means of getting down to this rock was by a rope made fast to the top of the cliff; and using this as a hold-fast, a man could easily walk down, a sort of half-walk, half-cling, till he reached firm foot-hold at the bottom. It was tiresome work, though, for even the machine for pumping air to the diver when he was under water had to be hauled up and down here, whenever wanted for use; and being fairly heavy, it was very hard work.

Let me just give a picture of what it was like when the diver went down.

All of us, ten to fifteen, all down on the flat rock, surrounded by the sea, which, just outside the rock, was fifteen to twenty feet deep.

Two of us get a ladder down over the side of the rock, placed firm at the bottom, and secured well to the rock. This is the diver's staircase. Two more, including his "mate," are engaged dressing the diver, a small spare man, who whiffs his pipe comfortably as we go on muffling him up in a great india-rubber pair of trowsers that come up round his waist, over his arms, and round his neck. On

his feet, outside this, a large pair of large boots, with lead attached to make him sink well.

Last of all, when every thing else is ready, we fix his helmet on, a large heavy round brass cap for his head, with little windows in it, and at one side an india-rubber pipe fixed, one end into the helmet, the other to the air machine. A little hole is left open for him to breathe the outer air till the last moment, and then, as this is being closed up, and secured tight, the signal is given for those at the apparatus to begin pumping, and as they turn their handles round and round, so the air is forced into the diver's dress, enabling him to breathe wherever he may be, even at the bottom of the sea. If they were to stop pumping, the man would die.

And now the interest is very great, for the diver is going down to send up some sand and see if there are any dollars about. Very slowly he walks, led by each hand to the edge where the ladder is; and as he goes down, step by step, slow yet sure, it seems as if he never will be able to come up again with all the weight of lead he carries,—huge plates of lead on his shoulders, and lead in his boots. Round his waist is fixed a rope, which he will pull if danger arises, or if he wants to come up; and his mate stands by with this rope in one hand, and the air pipe in the other, and he pays out both as the diver descends lower and lower,

until at length a jerk on the rope tells he has reached the bottom.

Minutes pass; and nothing is to be heard or seen. All stand by, watching the pulsation of the pipe as the air passes along it; the waves as they come in, rolling slowly one after another: the line of rope, the slightest jerk of which would denote some signal of the diver.

Presently the signal is made for a bucket, and slowly an iron bucket is thrown over the rock, and let down by a rope to the bottom of the sea. A jerk, and away we haul; carefully though, not to lose any of the dollars. Up it comes, and alas! contains nothing but sand. And so we go on for two hours, or more, basket after basket, and nothing but stones and sand.

Then the tide begins to come over the rock, and the signal is made for the diver to ascend; and by the time we have undressed him, and got all the tools and pails and ladders and apparatus out of the reach of the waves up the cliff, most of us are wet through with the spray which has been dashing over us for the last half-hour.

Never mind! our sailor cook has something savoury for us in his pot on the fire, and away we go to our supper, with appetites so keen, we wonder whether we shall ever be satisfied; more than ever

inclined to believe in the heathen philosopher and poet, who said: "Hunger is the best sauce."

This diving is a fair sample of many days at the dollar work; but no success came of it all, and at last there came an end. Patient and persevering as all had been, and deserving as they did to find the treasure that undoubtedly lies hidden in this corner of the sea, the truth must be told. The adventurers got tired of spending money with no result, for it was no little expense to keep all these men, only able to work at times when wind and tide and weather would permit. So at last it was determined to blow up the bottom of the sea, where the dollars were supposed to be.

Three holes were bored by the miners in the end of the old shaft, the level of which was about three feet under the waves, forty feet out from the rock.

With no little trouble the mine is laid. No gunpowder used, but dynamite, a composition much stronger than gunpowder; and employed on account of its safety. The last day has come. Ever since daybreak the two miners have been at work completing their preparations. Twenty-three feet of safety fuse, which will burn twelve to fifteen minutes, before it reaches the "holes," gives the two men time to get to the top of the cliff with safety,

after firing them. So, about breakfast time, the eventful moment comes, and all the party gather round to see the "end of the dollar mine."

Tom, the miner, is down there fixing the ends of the fuse, and at his signal, when all is ready, his mate races down with a smouldering piece of rope, to fire the train.

A moment's hesitation—the distance is too great to see very clearly, but they are both stooping over the thin tape that is to carry the deadly fire down, through rocks and waves, and under the water to the mine waiting to be sprung.

Now they run! The thin column of fine smoke tells that the fuse is going, and up the cliff they come like cats, hauling themselves up, hand over hand, by the rope.

And now we all wait breathless. One minute, two, ten have passed. Nothing!

At last, the earth seems to shake, and give way beneath us. The report is like the deep boom of thunder. Though we are sixty feet above the water, the huge pieces of rock are thrown up out at sea, much higher than our heads, and the water goes up in one large central column, like nothing but a water-spout, or the great fountains of the Crystal Palace; and long after the roar and splash have subsided, the water is discoloured with the sand we disturbed from the bottom.

The wind did not subside, however, and our diver could not descend into the open sea, so we were forced to leave without being able to discover the whereabouts of the dollar bags after all. A few more days in packing up, one more Sunday in the quiet little church that stands at the entrance to the cove, one more stroll along the beach, and then away again to work and toil of a very different sort.

We have left behind evidences of our visit. Pipes and poles and barrels mark the spot where our camp was pitched; all that was worth taking away we took, but there is enough left to mark the spot for many a long day to come; and Gunwalloe has left its impression upon its visitors, who will not easily forget the many pleasant and happy hours spent upon its shore in the fruitless search after the lost and buried dollars.*

Oddly enough, though the party of 1872 did not succeed in recovering even a single specimen of the lost dollars, proof positive that there *are* dollars somewhere about the spot is afforded by the fact that, a few months after they had left, the

* There is a tradition that the "notorious Capt. Avery, as he is called, secreted a large quantity of treasure in the sand banks of Gunwalloe, but this is generally believed to be a mistake, and that the locality was Kennack Cove on the other side of the Lizard Head. At any rate, about the year 1770, a grant of treasure trove was obtained by Mr. John Knill, a collector of customs at S. Ives, who spent some money in a fruitless search.

FROM THE DOLLAR WRECK.

farmer occupying Winianton, in which homestead the Castle Hill and "dollar mine" is situated, during a low spring tide descended the shaft where the pump had been fixed, and there found two dollars on the very spot where they had been working.

These are figured on opposite plate, Nos. 1 and 2. No. 3 is an ordinary pillar dollar of the same date, shewing the difference between it and those which have been submerged for 85 years.

No. 4 is a curiosity, one of the dollars jammed between a piece of iron and rock, fixed there by corrosion and the action of sea water.

Connected, however, with this finding of dollars, is a singular story of a dream, which was related to me by a Mullyon man, whose family had lived, father and son, for more than a hundred years in the place, and who recollected, when a boy, hearing of the circumstances as of fresh occurrence. The story is best told in his own words:—

The grandmother of Jeremiah Jose (this man is now living in Mullyon) who used to live at Trenance in Mullyon, one night dreamed she saw a bag of dollars lying on the beach at Gunwalloe, close to the spot where the vessel was known to have broken up. She awoke her husband, and begged him to go with her straight to the place in order to attach the booty. He jeeringly refused, and laughed her and her dream to scorn.

"However, determined on the thing, she said she would take Jerry with her and go, Jerry being her son, a lad at that time. At daylight they went and, sure enough, as soon as they got to the cove, she saw the bag of dollars, well known to her from her dream, lying on the sand. While employed ripping it up, for the bag was of leather, and contained about 1 cwt. of silver, some miners espied her, and, coming down upon her, forced the prize rom her, and ultimately fell to among themselves fighting over it. Blood was shed, and during the melèe, the tide coming in rapidly as it does here, the waves scattered the pieces in the sand and carried the bag away, and the end of it was that neither she nor they had the dollars."

It must be borne in mind, as to the latter part of the story, that Cornish wrecking had not ceased eighty years ago, and that to this day the miners of Breage and Germoe, from whence these are said to have come, are proverbially a very rough set of fellows.

That they were so then is readily to be believed; and in confirmation of the above story, which else might savour of the incredible, there are plenty of traditions as to the battles which used to take place between rival bodies of men in search of loot and plunder. One handed down from father to son in a family at Cury is narrated at page 111. In the latter part of the last century a Mr. Knill (probably

the Mr. Knill, Custom House officer at St. Ives procured leave to search for treasure trove along the coast in 1770) put forth a curious proposal for scheme for the prevention of wrecking, which is worth a perusal.*

The march of intellect and civilization have, however, happily brought in their train a better state of things, and the following shows that thirty years since a different feeling was abroad, which has spread far and wide, till, even in the corners of West Barbary, the life-boat and rocket-line have taken the place of the false beacon and treacherous signal-light.

It was in 1845 that a French ship was driven ashore within twelve miles of the Lizard-head, and the inhabitants of Porthleven, the village just by the Looe Bar, rendered every assistance to the unfortunate crew, all of whom were saved. The vessel was driven so high on shore, that she could not be got off, and was of necessity sold as she stood on the beach. Greatly to their honour, the

* A very curious paper came into my hands some time since, and from evidence since adduced it would appear to be the production of a Mr. Knill mentioned above as a Custom House officer at St. Ives. It is entitled "A Curious Scheme for the Prevention of Wrecking," and was written in the end of the past or beginning of the present century. It would be worth reproducing, but would make this book too large and bulky.

poor fishermen, who had bestowed much of their time and labour on the preservation of the vessel, declined any remuneration, and, with one solitary exception, begged that the salvage money might be paid over to the houseless strangers, which was accordingly done.*

Apropos of dreams, in this part of the country, Carew, in his "Survey," has the following:—"Some have found tynne-workes of great vallew, through means no less strange then extraordinairie, to wit, by dreames. As in Edward the Sixts time, a gentlewoman, heire to one Tresculierd, and wife to Lanine, dreamed that a man of seemely personage told her how, in such a tenement of land, shee should find so great store of tynne as would serue to inrich both herselfe and her posteritie. This shee reuealed to her husband, and hee, putting the same in triall, found a worke, which in foure yeeres was worth him welneere so many thousand pounds.

"Moreouer, one Taprel, lately liuing, and dwellin the parish of the hundred of West, call'd S. Niot, by a like dreame of his daughter (see the lucke of women) made the like assay, met with the effect, farmed the worke of the vnwitting Lorde of the Soyle, and grew thereby to good state of wealth.

"The same report passeth as currant touching

* C. A. Johns. "Forest Trees of Britain."

sundrie others; but I will not bind any mans credite, though that of the Authors haue herein swayed mine; and yet he that will afford his eare to astrologers and naturall philosophers, shall haue it filled with many discourses of the constellation of the heauens and the constitution of mens bodies fitting to the purpose."

Happily, the chronicler of the above bindeth no man's credit.

In a collection of anecdotes by James Pettit Andrews, in 1790, there is included a curious "Cornish Tale of Naval Woe," which, because relating to Gunwalloe, is worth inserting here:—

"*A Cornish Tale of Naval Woe, which can be attested by scores of living witnesses, as it happened within the last twenty years.*

"Gunwalloe Downs, which form the eastern side of Mount's Bay, stretching out towards the Lizard Point, lie on the top of a very high, steep, and long-extended cliff, which, during a great part of the year, is incessantly beaten by a tremendous surge driven from the Bay of Biscay by an almost constant west wind. During a space of many miles, there is no inlet to the land; but the face of the cliff is occupied towards the top by sea-birds, and the bottom, where there are many caverns, is usually the resort of seals. One stormy winter's night, signals of distress were observed, and a

large ship, which had been driven under the cliffs, was known to be lost. Such an incident on that coast was by no means unusual; but in the morning the people assembled on the Downs to look if any remains of the vessel were floating on the waves, were shocked by hearing loud and united cries and groans from persons below the cliff. They knew that these must come from some cave, to which the shipwrecked people had found means to attain, for the tide left no beach, and they knew too the impossibility of helping them, as no boat could venture, in such weather, under such a cliff. The cries, however, continuing, they tried, by letting down baskets with ropes in different places, to afford some relief, but in vain, for the over-hanging cliff prevented the sufferers from reaching what was intended for their relief. In short, during three days the same mournful noise was heard; it grew then weaker by degrees, till hunger and fatigue probably closed the wretched scene. Many of the seal-holes were afterwards searched for these hapless mariners, but in vain. The surf had probably washed away and dispersed their remains."

That eighty years ago wrecking had not entirely ceased on the coasts of Cornwall, we may believe from the fact that it was only a few years previous that a scheme had been seriously propounded for the prevention of the evil.

There is a story, let us hope exaggerated, of the wrecker who, prowling along the cliff in search of prey, came upon a young girl clinging with dying grasp to the rocks with a hand that bore a ring on one of its fingers, and in a moment he had out his knife and cut the ring away. It is almost too fearful; but a scrutiny of these traditions, it is feared, would only prove that the Cornish wreckers did not come by their reputation without reason.

Cyrus Redding relates—and the story is taken up and echoed by other writers pretty numerously—that in the last century one of the "unscrupulous" tied up the leg of an ass at night, hung a lantern round its neck, and drove it himself along the edge of the cliff where he lived, so that the halting motion of the animal might imitate the plunging of a vessel under sail, and thus tempt the seamen to run in, imagining there was plenty of room, certain destruction being of course the only and looked-for result.

Happily, in these days, humanity has prompted the nobler instincts of our nature to do and dare to save, not to destroy; and many are the instances recorded, in almost every Cornish parish on the sea-coast, of heroic deeds by the life-boat crew and the fishermen of the cove in their efforts to save the crews of the ill-fated vessels dashed upon their shore.

THE HOLY WELL AT GUNWALLOE.

"A well there is in the west country,
And a *clearer one never was seen.*"
SOUTHEY.

"Is't true the springs in rocks hereby
Doth tidewise ebb and flowe?
Fame says it, be it soe."
"*Cornish Wonder Gatherer.*"

LOSE to the church porch, only a few feet over the precipitous rock, which in part forms a breakwater and protection from the waves, are the remains of the Holy Well, doubtless the resort in former days of many a lad and maiden.

The spring that once bubbled up in its rocky basin is no longer there; sand and stones fill up the well at each high tide, and though occasionally cleaned out for the satisfaction of the wayfarer's curiosity is yet only an imperfect semblance of its former self.

In heathen times springs and fountains were objects of veneration, the gods delighting to honor them, Diana presided over that of Arethusa, poets

sang of them, the Roman Fontinalia owed to them their origin.

> "O Fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro
> Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium
> Me dicente."

So sang Horace; and, when the Christian era dawned, saints and holy men filled the place which had been given to heathen deities.

The wayside cross pointed to the holy well, where saints' or angels' name, tradition and legendary lore had hallowed the limped stream.

> "One meek cell
> Built by the fathers o'er a lonely well,
> Still breathes the Baptist's sweet remembrance round
> A spring of silent waters."

In some places in Cornwall baptismal water for the font is still obtained from the holy well of the village.

Writing of Madron, a very famous well near Penzance, Norden remarks—"Its fame in former ages was greater for the supposed virtue of healing which S. Madderne had there into infused, and manie votaries made anuale pilgrymages unto it; but of late S. Madderne hath denied his (or her, I know not whether) pristine ayde, and as he is coye of his cares, so now are men coye of comynge to his conjured well, yet some a daye resorte."

Many are the stories told of S. Madderne's cures, and many are the virtues ascribed to the waters of these venerated springs.

On the first three Wednesdays in May mothers would walk from far and near to dip their weak and rickety children in the holy well, to which pertained the healing qualities, and mention is made by a writer of a very famous well (the spring of Alsia) where on one occasion the mother-pilgrims were attacked by the villagers, who caught the strangers dipping their precious weaklings in the enclosed part of the well, or the place whence they drew their water.

To drop pins into the well for the cure of warts is a common practice even at the present day.

To these springs were attributed not only medicinal properties, but under certain conditions much more wonderful and mysterious influences.

> Water, water, tell me truly,
> Is the man I love duly
> On the Earth, or under the sod,
> Sick or well,—in the name of God?

By the credulous, Hydromancy, the divination of the future by the appearance and movement of the waters in the well, was commonly practised—a remnant of the early creeds of the world. In their simple faith, the maidens of the village have

often gathered round the holy well, and in the stillness of the summer evening, dropped their pebbles and pins into the water, eager to see what sweethearts would be united and who parted, and great was the skill required to read aright the omens. If the pins, when dropped into the wishing well remained united or separated, such was the fate foretold for the lovers. The number of bubbles raised in the water foretold the number of years, etc., etc., in answer to the question.

Sometimes the sacred bramble leaves were used; sometimes the waters themselves were supposed to answer the all-important questions, and many are the stories on record concerning their good or evil portent.

That Gunwalloe was considered by the country folk a well of some importance there can be little doubt, for one day in the year, which was called *Gunwalloe Day*, was set apart for cleaning out this holy well—it was quite at a different time of year to this parish feast—and now only remembered by two old men out of the whole population of the place.*

* The parish feast is on the last Sunday in April. In the Roman Calendar S. Winwalloe is honoured on the 3 March; but these two old men fix Gunwalloe, in May month, because it was the time of tilling barley.

They fix the time in their memories as the period of tilling barley, for they recollect that on this Gunwalloe Day it was the custom for the men to mend all the cliff roads (doubtless these were useful in days of smuggling when a successful run was a desirable thing), and that so strictly was it kept that, if any were found labouring in the fields, a party would go and take them by force, and press them into the service of the holiday makers, who, having mended the roads and cleared the holy well at Gunwalloe, wound up the day with merriment and revelry.

Oftentimes, close to the well, there stood a holy cross, and these would disappear only when the wells themselves began to lose their sacred character. At the present time there may often be seen near by the once sacred spring or well, the base into which the shaft of the cross was fixed.

There is one at Gunwalloe, close to the side of the churchyard wall, immediately above the well, and probably by the very path which was once commonly used to descend to the rocky basin on the shore.

These stones, of which the one above named is a fair specimen—are generally flat stones of about three feet square, with a soffit in the centre of the size to

take the foot of the cross; in many instances the base as well as the cross has vanished. It is a matter greatly to be regretted that such interesting mementos of the piety of our forefathers have not been allowed to remain unmolested, for the well and cross together would form no uninteresting relic of the fathers of our race, even in these enlightened days of the nineteenth century.

"They had their lodges in the wilderness,
Or built them cells beside the shadowy sea,
And there they dwelt with angels, like a dream!
So they unclosed the Volume of the Book,
And filled the fields of the Evangelist
With thoughts, as sweet as flowers!"

THE "CAERTH"

OF CAMDEN.

"And after that, came woful Emelie,
With fire in hand, as was that time the gise,
To don the office of funeral service."
CHAUCER "The Knightes Tale."

"Oppidum autem Brittanni vocant, quum sylvas impeditas vallo atque forsâ munierunt quò, incursionis hostium vitandæ causâ, convenire consueverunt."—Cæsar, De Bello Gall. v. 17.

SO much has been written on the rude memorials of Cornwall's early inhabitants, that it would seem almost impossible to add anything. Dr. Borlase, notably having exhausted the whole subject of Cornish antiquities so far as they had been brought to light in *his* day, whether monoliths, or stone circles, tumuli, cromlechs, implements or coins.

No new thing is attempted here; but, as in the case of the old customs observed on Gunwalloe Day, they were remembered by two old men, and on their death, or at most in a few years, would have been entirely forgotten, so there is in Gunwalloe the site of some very interesting remains, of

which there is no written record to fix the exact spot, and open to the peril of oblivion, which in this case, we may hope, is timely averted.

Camden mentions in his "Britannia," that near to the Lizard, the *Ocrinum* of Ptolemy, "is a fortification* called Earth, formed of stones, filled up without any cement in a large circle, of which sort are many more disposed about the country, I suppose cast up in the wars with the Danes."

Sammes, frequently quoted by the historian Polwhele, makes mention of the remains of an ancient fortification that in his days existed in the vicinity of the Loo Pool, near Helston, which he supposed to be Phœnician; of this ancient fortress, Hitchens writes, "*no vestige at present remains.*" Polwhele gives the word "Earth" a derivation from "Arth," high, above, and certainly that accords with the site of the circle lately identified, which is on a hill, between Gunwalloe and

* *Vol. I., p.* 4. Earth is not mentioned by Dr. Borlase by that name; but it *may* be one of the seven in a tract of eight miles in the narrowest and westernmost part of the county made by Danish invaders, and therefore part of the ditch or vallum is unfinished, and they have British names from some memorable exploit. In accordance with this the Cornish villagers call them "fortifications,"—much more probably, however, they have been used for sepulture.

Poljew Coves *Caerth, i.e.*, castle, or hill city, seems to be much nearer the mark.

There seems little reason to doubt the accuracy of the identification, for the author having hunted fruitlessly up and down the coast line, east and west of the Looe Pool, at length lighted on one of the old villagers in Gunwalloe ninety years of age, and from whom so much that is of interest has been gathered since, and asking him if he remembered a place called Earth the old man immediately described the spot at Crickabella, adding that there "are no stones there now, for many years ago (near about seventy) the farmer, holding the land and farm of Gwylls, carted away the mound, which was a large one, for dressing the land." He remembered this perfectly.

On an examination of the site pointed out, there are clear traces in a circle of large stones having been there once, and probably a considerable mound, as the surface has all the irregular appearance of a place dug out in the hap-hazard manner of a country farm labourer.

So far it is probable that to the retentive memory of the old Cornish man above named we owe the preservation of the site of Camden's "Earth." Then comes the query, was it a "fortification" properly

so called, or was it not rather one of the many sepulchral barrows that line the cliffs at this portion of the coast.

It is not of like character with any of the "cliff castles" or "hill castles" whose ruins remain on so many of the well-known spots of West Cornwall. Castle-an-Dinas, Ch'ûn Castle, inland, the remains of Treryn and Treryn Dinas, the one on the south coast, and the other on the northern cliffs, are all very dissimilar to what Caerth must have been; answering not at all to the words of the Roman general (De bello Gallico), and this, with other circumstances to be mentioned, seems to favour the opinion that it must have been a place of interment, perhaps containing more kist-vaens than one before it was built up into one common mound.*

It is significant that not far from here, on the

* Mr. Rd. Edmonds, in his Land's End District, p. 34, well remarks—"As a barrow often contains several urns or kist-vaens on the same floor, without any appearance of distinct periods of interment, our heathen ancestors may have buried their dead almost exclusively on one day of the week (as our poor neighbours do now on Sunday); the corpses being brought from the surrounding districts, and laid on one common pyre at such a distance from each other that, after the flames had ceased, the bones of the different bodies might be readily collected and deposited in and around urns, or in kist-vaens without urns, previously to covering up the whole in one common heap.

next hill at Angrowse, two barrows have been opened and described by W. Copeland Borlase, Esq. in his "Nœnia Corunbiæ," and in each of them were found urns, ashes, and human bones. Another at Pradanack was opened by him in 1871, and found also to contain a vessel filled with bones.

At Clahar Garden, once in Bochym, and where stood an ancient chapel, to which the cross at Pradanack probably pointed the way, there was a large barrow; this also was found to contain several urns with ashes and flints, when the mound was removed by the tenant farmer "*for agricultural purposes.*"

It seems more than probable that we have here the key to the whole thing. Sepulchral barrows abound on the cliffs of that side of Mounts Bay, and nothing more likely than that the farmer should perceive that the dark unctuous earth, of which the mounds were composed, would be very fit dressing for the land. Why not this circle of "Earth?"

It was a mound; was carted away by the farmer for the land, and probably had it been opened by the learned author of "Nœnia Cornubiæ," or any other discreet and careful antiquarian, the chances are it would have been found to contain an urn or urns, standing in the black unctuous mould which marked the funeral pile of the ancient dead.

A French writer* despairingly asks—"Que de buttes Celtiques ont disparu, dont les terres ont été portées dans les champs pour y nourrir les blés? Ne voyons-nous pas tous les jours encore les cultivateur fouiller les buttes de Locmaraquer, et n'est-ce pas à cette coutume, helas! trop répandue que l'on doit découverte de la grotte du Mané-Lud?"

This is what happens on the south coast of Brittany; this is what is continually happening on our own coast—the barrows go to manure our land, the crosses to form our gate posts.†

There is one curiosity which, found near the cross and barrow at Pradanack, above mentioned, is worth recording, though it has no real connection with the two parishes which are subject of this

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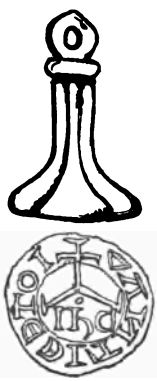
* Fouquet, "Guide des Touristes dans le Morbihan." p. 126.

* This is what happened with the stone in Mên-Perhen of Borlase in Constantine—A stone 20 feet above the ground, and four feet in it, large enough to make more than 20 stone gate posts for the farmer who destroyed it.—Borlase Antiq., p. 156, edit. 1754. Later on, in 1869, in the same parish, the magnificent Tolmen (or Maen Rock) was destroyed, the granite rocks on which it had rested for 2,000 years being blown up with gunpowder, and so this monument of antiquity fell, as a chronicler remarks (Journal Royal Inst. of Cornwall, No. x.), before the cupidity of the XIXth century.

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames!"

work. It is a matrix of an antique Christian seal, already noticed by the writer, in the "British Archæological Journal" for 1874, and derives its main interest from the surroundings of the place wherein it was discovered.



It is formed of bronze, and is very rude and rough in workmanship, probably of the early fifteenth century, though it may be late fourteenth century date.

It has in the centre a cross standing on an apex formed by two lines with the letters IHC at the base. Round the seal are the words VANΓIES TOI, and the legend and monogram together will read, I.H.C. VANGIES TOI, (Jesus avenge thyself).

PRADANACK CROSS, MULLYON.

Height 5 feet 3 inches, breadth 2 feet 1 inch. On the reverse side is carved in relief a plain Latin cross.

It was found in 1868 or '69 by Mr. J. Thomas, of Mullyon, on his own farm, who thus writes concerning it :—"I accidentally discovered it near the edge of the cliff on my own farm, at a place called "Mentikel Point," commonly called Pradanack Head. At the time I was crouching under a large rock to shelter from a heavy shower of rain, and picked up the seal at my feet, the place having been trodden bare by the sheep getting under the rock."

The bare hill on which it had laid so long gives us no assistance in discovering to whom it could have belonged, or the "how or why" it found its way to its hiding place ; that it is a seal of a private individual seems evident, and there are a great many of similar character, but bearing different legends, in the collection of the British Museum.

Not very far from "Mentikel" is another relic of the Christian faith ; from time immemorial a Latin cross has stood there close to the site of an ancient chapel, to which in days gone by it was doubtless the guide ; like the oratory itself it may have been erected by some pious individual "pro animâ," for the sake of his soul—

> "Stop, weary Pilgrim, stop and pray,
> For the kind soul of Sybil Grey
> Who built this cross and well."
>
> SIR W. SCOTT.

Whether, however, the cross,* and the chapel at Trenance hard by, and another at Clahar, near Bochym, have any connection with the seal in question must remain still a mystery, for of them in their ancient condition there is no record. The fact remains that they all bear upon and around them the emblems of the ancient faith, of which they are at once the memorials and witnesses.

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* This cross, which is sculptured on both sides, is figured in J. T. Blight's "Ancient Crosses and other Antiquities of Cornwall," Plate 48 in the editions 4to, Penzance, 1856, and vol. ii, 1858.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CORNISH LANGUAGE.

"Ple a wra why mos, moz, fettow, tek,*
Gen 'gas bedgeth gwin, ha 'gas blew melyn,
Mos tha'n ventau, sarra whek
Rag delkyew seve 'wra moyssy tek."

AS may be supposed, traces of the ancient language spoken in Cornwall remain in the names of various places and people. Very much has been done by the Philological Society in the way of research into this subject, and no learned disquisition is here intended, merely the grouping of a few notes on this interesting memorial of the past.

One of the most sure preservatives of a language would be the use of it in the religious rites and ceremonies of the people. It is said to have been at the desire of the Cornish themselves that the English service was enjoined in preference to

* The literal translation is :
"Where do you go, pretty maid, he said,
With your fair face and your yellow hair?
Going to the well, sweet sir,
For leaves of strawberries made maidens fair.

that of their native tongue, and this probably was the surest method of suppressing its use altogether, and rendering it in the end extinct; while, in Wales, the contrary system was adopted, and it has proved the preservation of their language.*

Dr. Moreman, Vicar of Menheniot, has the credit of being the first to teach his people to say the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments in the English tongue, and he "did teach and catechise them thereon.†

Carew, in 1602, says, the principal love and knowledge of the language lived in Dr. Kennall, the civilian, and with him lyeth buried, for the English speech doth still encroach upon it, and hath

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* W. Scawen's "Treatise on the Cornish Language."

† This Dr. Moreman is mentioned in the petition presented to Edward VI. by the Cornwall and Devon insurgents in favour of the old form of worship: "We will not receive the new service because it is but like a Christmas game. We will have our old service of Matins, Mass, Evensong, and Procession as it was before; and we, the Cornish, *whereof certain of us understand no English*, do utterly refuse the new service." The 11th of these famous 15 articles is curious: "We will have '*Dr. Moreman*' and Dr. Crispin, which hold our opinions, to be safely sent unto us; and to them we require the King's Majesty to give some certain livings, to preach among us our Catholic faith." If this be the Dr. Moreman of Menheniot it is strange that he should be among the first to teach his people the English service.

driven the same into the uttermost skirts of the shire. Most of the inhabitants can speak no word of Cornish, but very few are ignorant of the English, and yet some so affect their own as to a stranger they will not speak it; for if meeting them by chance you inquire the way or any such matter, your answer shall be, "Mee a navidra cowza Sawzneck." (I can speak no Saxonage.)

In 1663 only one person is said to have been found who could write the Cornish language, but in 1678 a sermon was preached in Cornish by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Rector of Landewednack, and this is said to have been the last occasion on which that language was used in the public service of the church. For some time, however, the "*guaries*," or miracle plays, continued to be acted in Cornish.

Norden, in his Survey, gives this quaint account of the language:—

"The Cornish people for the moste parte are descended of British stocke, though muche mixed since with the Saxon and Norman bloude, but untill of late years retayned the British speache uncorrupted as theirs of Wales is. For the South Wales man understandeth not perfectly the North. Wales man, and the North Wales man but little of the Cornish, but the South Wales man much. The pronounciation of the tongue differs in all, but the

Cornish is far the easier to be pronounced. . . . But of late the Cornish men have conformed themselves to the use of the English tongue, and their English is equal to the best, especially in the Eastern parts; even from Truro eastward is in a manner wholly English. In the weste parte of the county, as in the hundreds of Penwith and Kerrier, the Cornishe tongue is mostly in use, and yet it is to be marvelled that though husband and wife, parents and children, master and servauntes, doe mutually communicate in their native language, yet there is none of them but in manner is able to converse with a stranger in the English tongue unless it be some obscure persons that seldom converse with the better sort."

In the time of the Civil War (1644) there is an entry in the diary of one of the Royalist soldiers to the effect that "The language is spoken altogether at Goonhilly (in Meneage, not far from the Lizard), and about Pendennis and the Land's End they speak no English. All beyond Truro they speak the Cornish language."

In 1707, Dr. Ed. Lhuyd gives a list of parishes in which the language was then spoken, and this list includes Gunwalloe but not Cury, and he adds that many of the inhabitants of these parishes, especially the gentry, do not understand it, "*there*

being no need, as every Cornishman speaks English."

The famous Dolly Pentreath, whose monument in Paul Churchyard nearly every Penzance visitor must know, is popularly supposed to have been the last person who, in the words of the celebrated Peter Pindar, "jabbered Cornish."

But if the language itself be dead, its influence is clearly perceptible in the modes of thought and expression of the country people, and especially those of West Barbarary :—

Tummuls—heaps. Croggans—limpets. Maund—a basket. Cheeld vean—a little child. Pure—fine, good, well, as, *e.g.*, "a pure boy enough that;" the quaint use of the verb "to do," as "they do say." for "they say."

Belong—"I belong working" to Gunwalloe.

Brave—Much, good, well; as, How be you? Bravish! "It's a brave long way to So-and-so." "Pepys walked to Redriffe by 'brave' moonshine." Sep. 19, 1662.

Clome—Earthenware.

Crowd—A fiddle; to play is to "Crowdy."

Fit—Prepare. "Fit ee a cup o' tea?"

Flasket—A linen basket.

Helling stone—Roofing stone, flat stone.

"His howse were unhiled,
And full i yvel dight."
(*Coke's tale of "Gamelyn."*)

To hell the building is to cover it, slate it in.

Keenly—Having a favourable appearance. "A brave keenly crop."

Plum—Soft. Dough is said to be plum when raised with yeast.

A farmer near the Lizard,* who was confined to his bed by illness, and complained of a distension of his stomach, heard to his horror that a pitcher of yeast had been accidentally upset into the well from which came the water he had drank. "Then," he cried, "that explains my complaint—I'm plumming."

The Piskies, or Pixies, are a Cornish folk peculiar in themselves, only noticed here, as the indifferent pronunciation of the word is analogous to that of hogshead, as often used "hosgead." One old fisher explained, when asked how many hogsheads of pilchards the catch contained: "Ted'na hogshead I tell ee.' Tes' a hosged. Who ever heerd tell o' a pig's head full of pilchards? Tes' a hosged."

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* Related by Thomas Garland in a paper contained in the "Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall," Vol. I., April, 1865, p. 51.

Scat—Split or burst; hence to "scat," or be bankrupt.

Wisht—Melancholy, forlorn. No English synonym is expressive enough for the meaning of this word.

Latimer uses it (Sermons, Parker ed., p. 115.)*

"And when they perceived that Solomon, by the advice of his father, was anointed King, by and by there was all whisht,—all their good cheer was done."

A person looking ill and sorrowful is said to be "looking wisht."

A miner killed by accident, and having a large family, would be a "wisht thing."

One correspondent suggests as the equivalent the "desiderium" grief for a lost friend of Horace;

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?"

All this is included in "*Wisht*," but that is not enough for this expressive and simple term."

Up-raising—Applied to thanksgiving in the

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* "Journal Royal Inst., Cornwall," March, 1864, p. 25. "A List of Obsolete Words," by T. Q. Couch, which, however, are not all obsolete, as many of the above list are included in his catalogue, and these are all common enough still in West Cornwall.

churching of women. To go to be "churched" is to be "up-raised."

A *plum* pudding or plum cake is changed into *figgy* pudding or cake, and in the same manner "*raisins*" are called "*figs*."

Every one of these words mentioned are as common as possible in the Lizard district.

The well-known couplet of the old writers runs:

"By Tre, Pol, and Pen
You shall know the Cornish men."

And certainly there are no lack of places and names to verify it: Tre-gear, Tre-gavethan, Tre-widden, Tre-gidean, pronounced Treg-i-gian, and meaning "a giant's dwelling;" the famous Tre-geagle, Tre-woofe, Tre-lissick, Tre-reiffe, Pol-wyn, Pol-withan, Pol-tre-worgie, Pol-pyze, Pol-griggons, and Pen-alverne, Pen-braze, Pen-callinick, or Pen-hallinyk. These are but specimens, for in a glossary of Cornish names before me at the time of writing this I count 1,800 names beginning with Tre, 240 beginning with Pol, and 350 beginning with Pen.

Tre signifies a house or dwelling. What is usually called in Cornwall a "town-place" is a farm-house and its outbuildings, and even now the village or cottages, few or many, gathered round the church, goes by the name of Church-town; so that none would ever speak of the "village of Cury," but Cury Church-town.

Pol signifies a pool, and Pen a head.

A dissertation on the etymology of Cornish words would be beyond our present purpose, but a few may be mentioned, with their corruptions, as more particularly striking to the outsider and tourist.

There is, for instance, "Tol Pedn Penwith," the holed headland in Penwith; "Zawn Pyg," a holed cave or cavern in the same locality; "Pen au cwm cuic," the head of the creek valley, has degenerated into "Penny come quick," and given rise to a curious story concerning Falmouth.

"Cwm ty coed," "the valley of the wood-house," has become "Come to good;" and in the Scilly Isles a very fine rock there, the "Men an Vor," or great rock, is generally called the Man-o'-War, although there is nothing resembling a vessel about it.

Some of the names are quite poetical.

Als-y-farn, pronounced Halzephron, is a bold and lofty cliff fronting the great Western Ocean, and it has been taken literally Als, a cliff, Zephyron, western; but it has also been interpreted Als, a cliff, and Y-farn ifarn, *infernus*, the hellish cliff, or deep as hell.

Goonhilly has received a picturesque and historical interpretation. Situated in the centre of Meneg, and abounding with hares, it was anciently

a favourite place for coursing; hence Goon, a down; and hellia, to hunt—Hunting down.

These are curious in their pronunciations and meanings, and their connection with a now dead language; but what shall be said of the curiosity of a pronunciation such as belongs to a farm in Cury, named Millewarne, pronounced by one and all "*Bellorian.*"

The antiquity of the Tre Pol and Pen is to be seen in Andrew Borde's "Book of Knowledge" (1542), in a few of the Cornish proverbs:—

"My bedaver wyl to London to try the law,
To sue Tre Pol and Pen for wagging of a straw."

"Better a clout than a hole out."

"More rain more rest, more water will suit the ducks best."

"Cornwall will bear a shower every day, and two on Sunday."

"Cross a style, and a gate hard by,
You'll be a widow before you die."

"A Saturday or a Sunday moon
Comes once in seven years too soon."

"With one child you may walk, with two you may ride;
When you have three at home you must bide."

"Those that cannot work must planny, and those

that cannot plânny must lowster" (*i.e.*, hard manual labour).

It will amuse, and may interest some readers, to see a good specimen of the Cornish language at different periods, and that appended is taken from a paper read by Henry Jenner, Esq., before the Philological Society in 1873:—

SPECIMENS OF THE CORNISH LANGUAGE AT VARIOUS PERIODS.

15th century (the end of the play, Origo Mundi).

Y vennath theugh yn tyen	His blessing to you wholly
Keffrys gorryth ha benen Flogholeth	As well to men and women (And to) children;
An guare yu due lymmyn	The play is done now,
Ha the welas an passyon A Jhesus hep gorholeth	And to see the passion Of Jesus without delay
A worthevys Crys ragon	Which Christ suffered for us,
A vorowe deug a dermyn Hag eus pub dre	To-morrow come in time; And go all (of you) home.
A barth a'n Tas, Menstrel a ras Pebough whare.	In the name of the Father, minstrels, I pray, Pipe at once.

Early 17th century (the end of Jordan's "Creation").

Dewhe a vorowe a dermyn	Come to-morrow in time,
Why a weall matters pur vras	You shall see matters very great
Ha redempcon grauntys	And redemption granted
Der vercy a Thew an Tase Tha sawya neb es kellys	Through the mercy of God the Father To save him who is lost.
Menstrels, growgh theny peba	Minstrels, do to us pipe,
May hallan warbarthe downssya	That we may together dance,
Dell ew an vanar ha'n geys.	As is the manner and the sport (guise).

Circ. 1700 (*from a Cornish story given by Lhuyd and Pryce*).

Ha pa tera diuad an vledan e vester a disquedaz daedo an trei pens. "Mîr, Dzhuan," med e vester, "ybma de guber; bez mar menta rei dem arta, me a deska dîz ken pointa skians." "Dreu hedna," med Dzhuan. "Na," med e vester, "rei dem, ha me a vedn laveral dîz." "Kemeren dan," med Dzhuan. "Nanna," med e vester, "Kamer with na rey gara an vor goth rag an vor noweth." Enna dshei a vargidniaz rag bledan moy rag pokar guber.

And when the year was done, his master shewed to him the three pounds. "See, John," said his master, "here is thy pay; but if thou wilt give it to me again, I will teach thee a point of wisdom." "Bring it here," said John. "No," said his master, "give it to me, and I will tell thee." "Take it to thee," said John. "Then," said his master, "take care not to leave the old road for the new road." Then they bargained for a year more for the same pay.

1776 (*the Letter of William Bodenor*).

Bluth vee ewe try egance ha pemp Theatra vee dean boadjack an poscas, me rig deskys Cornouack termen me vee maw. Me vee de more gen cara vee a pemp dean moy en cock, me rig scantlower clowes eden ger Sowsnack cowes en cock rag sythen war bar. No rig a vee biscath gwellas lever Cornuack. Me deskey Cornouack mous da mor gen tees coath. Nag es moy vel pager pe pemp en dreau nye ell classia Cornish leben, poble coath pager egance blouth. Cornouack ewe all neceaves ven poble younck.

My age is threescore and five, I am a poor fisherman, I did learn Cornish when I was a boy. I was at sea with my father and five men more in a boat, I did scarcely hear one word of English spoken in the boat for a week together. I have not ever seen a Cornish book. I learnt Cornish going to sea with old folk. There are not more than four or five in our town can speak Cornish now, old people of fourscore years. Cornish is all forgotten by young people.

King Charles' Letter is known to most of us only in the fanciful sketches of it, occasionally to be seen in those churches where it has been allowed to remain a fixture on the wall, a memorial of a people's loyalty and a King's gratitude :—

CORNISH TEXT.

An woolak da disquethye an Pow Kernow ganz y brostereth an kense mightern Charles ef boz gwithys in disquethyans es umma sywya, dewelas ;—

Charles Mightern.

Ytho ny mar ughell kemerys gans an pethyw moigh vel mear pernys theworth ny ganz agan Pow Kernow, an kirense y the gwitha saw agan honan, han gwyr composter agan curyn (en termyn a alga ny dry mar nebas tha gan sawder, po aga gwerthas y ; yn termyn pan na oyagh gober vyth boz gwelys, mez wherriow braz peroghas gowsas gerriow tyn erbyn gwylvry ha kolonnow leall) aga braz hag ughell kolonnwik ha ga perthyans heb squithder yth mar vraz wheal erbyn mar cref tus a drok scoothyes gans mar [a completely illegible word] trevow leun a tuz, ha mar tek teklys gans clethyow, arghans, dafyr lathysa, ha kenyver ehan a vooz dabcr, ha gans an merthus sawynyans o both Dew Olgallousek (saw ganz coll a van tuz a bryz neb ny vyth nefra ganz ny ankevys) the talviga ga kolonnow leall ha ga perthyans mysk leas merthus omdowlow war tuz a drok thens y ha ny en ate[l] ol pederyans mab-den hag ol an drokter alga boz kevys, kepari ny yll ny ankevy mar vraz galarow, yndella ny yll ny buz gawas bonogate da the kaws da anothans then bys, ha perricof yn oll termyn aga oberrow da, han kemeryans da ny anothans Ha rag henna theren ry agan mighterneth gorseans then Pow na gans an ughella lef, ha en forth a ell moygha dyrria hag a ellen kawaz mez. Ha theren ry' ger fatel reysthan ha vatorow a hemma boz screfys ganz oleow horen ha danvenys a leaz ha pregowthyes yn minz egliz ha lan es enna ha boz

gwethys enna bys ricar yn cef, pella (mar pell tra clap an terminnyow ma han wlas dyrrya) an cof kemmys es pernys theworthan ny han curyn ny gans an Pow na boz tennys meas than ffleghes es tha denethy.

Reys yn gwent milchamath ny yn Castell Sudley yn dekvas dyth mys Heddra in blethan myll whegh cans dewghans ha try.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

The good regard shewn to the county of Cornwall by his Majesty the first King Charles may be read in the declaration that is here following, videlicet :—

Charles King.

We are so highly taken with the more than great things [order, moigh vel mear pethyw] taken towards us by our county of Cornwall, the love of them to guard our person, and the true fitness of our Crown (at a time [when] we could bring so little to our safety or their help, at a time when not any reward might be seen, but bitter great dangers spoke harsh words against obedience and loyal hearts), their great and high courage and their patience without weariness in so great work against so strong enemies [tus a drok ; lit., people of evil], backed by so [the Cornish word is illegible] towns, full of people and so fairly furnished with weapons (lit., swords), money, space (lit., convenience of placing), and every sort (of thing) to be eaten, and by the wonderful saving of the will of God Almighty (but with the loss of high people of worth who will not ever be by us forgotten) to reward their loyal hearts and their patience with many wonderful victories (lit., *throws*, a wrestling term) over enemies to them and us, in spite of all probability of the sons of men and of all the evil that could be imagined ; that as we cannot forget so great pains, so we cannot but have good will to speak well of them to the world, and to remember in all time their good works, and the good reception of us to them : And for that (end) we do make our royal honour to that county, with the

highest voice and in the way that can most endure that we can find good. And we do make word how the reason and matters of this be written with oil-iron (*i.e.*, printed) and sent abroad and read in every church and chapel that is there, and be kept there for a record of the same, that (so long as the report of these times and country endure) the remembrance of how much is held towards us and our Crown by that county may be held good to the children that are to be born (*i.e.*, to posterity).

Given at our camp of war in Castle Sudley the 10th day of the month of October in the year 1643.

NOTES.

Page 209, line 11.—*Ytho ny* should be *ython ny*. This is an old form, found in the Cornish Dramas, but which would hardly have been in use as late as the 17th century.

Line 14.—*Alga*, a late form of *alse* (the mutation of galse, *a alga ny*—we were able. The *g* is soft, so it should have been written *alja*.

Line 14.—*Gan*, a late form of *agan* (our).

Line 15.—*Gwerthas*, for *gweres*, or gweras (Welsh, gwared). This insertion of *th* occurs again in the case of *merthus* (line 22) for *merys*.

Line 16.—*Peroghas*, for peroglas (Welsh, perygl; Latin periculum).

Line 18.—*Squithder*. The usual Cornish form is *squythens*, but the translator seems to have taken the Breton *skuizder* pronounced in some parts of Brittany *squidhder*).

Line 19.—*Scoothyes*, a participle formed from scouth (Com. Vocab., 18th cent., *scuid*), a shoulder; hence equivalent to the English "backed." I have never met with the *verb* elsewhere.

Line 20.—*Teklys*, probably from *takel*, a thing or instrument, hence "furnished;" does not occur elsewhere.

Line 24.—*Talviga*, formed from *talves* (worth, of value). The *g* is soft; does not occur elsewhere, the usual verb being *taly* or dâl.

Line 28.—*Perricof*, for *perthy cof*—to hold remembrance.

Lines 30 and 32.—*Theren* for *deren*, a late form of the present (1st pers. pl.) of *gurthil*, to do; originally *gwren* (by mutation 'wren, with the w hardly heard), with the intensive prefix *de*.

Line 32.—*Mez*, for *mas* (orig. mad, as in Breton), good.

In the date the translator has used "Gwent milchamath" (lit. plain of war) to signify "camp," and for some unaccountable reason, probably from a vague idea about *Phœnicians*, has introduced the Hebrew word מִלְחָמָת (milchamath), as an equivalent for "war," though he had a very good Cornish word (*cas*. Welsh, cad; Irish, CAT) ready to hand. As the copy of this letter in the Museum MS. is in Keigwin's hand, and he, according to his epitaph, composed by William Gwavas (published in Borlase's History, &c.), was a Hebrew scholar, the presence of this word in a piece of Cornish is not of the smallest value in support of either the Phœnician theory or of the Jewish one (founded on an erroneous etymology or Marazion, &c.), for, in common with most Celtic philologers of his date, he was probably infected with one or both of these crazes.

REMARKS.

This translation of the letter of King Charles the Martyr to the people of Cornwall is written (very illegibly) in the hand of John Keigwin, a man well known to all students of Cornish as the translator of Jordan's play of "The Creation of the World" and of the old 15th century poem of the "Passion." The language used is the vulgar Cornish of the 17th and 18th century, but it is so much diversified with forms of an earlier date that it is very doubtful if

the uneducated Cornish-speaking population of 1643 would have understood it very readily. The use of a Hebrew word (see Notes) and of what may be called archaic forms seems to point to its being the work of Keigwin himself. Now, as he was born in 1641, this cannot of course be an official translation, though it is probable that one was made at the time of the publication of the English version, seeing that (according to Symonds' Diary of the Civil War) the Cornish language was then very generally spoken in the extreme west, and in some places to the exclusion of English.

The archaisms mentioned above are these:

1. The occasional use of the inflected form of the verbs,* as in the case of *ytho*, a clerical error for *ython*, etc.

2. *Tus* (people), the old form of spelling used in the poem of the "Passion" and in the "Ordinalia," the later spelling and probable pronunciation (following Welsh analogy) being *tîs* or tees.

3. *Kirense*, instead of the later form, kirenja, which appears as early as 1504 in the "Life of S. Merîasek."

4. The use of the guttural *gh* in such words as *aghel*, *moygha*, *fleghes*, etc., which in Keigwin's

* See Norris Grammar or paper of H. Jenner, Esq., on the Cornish Language, for explanation of the term.

time, and indeed earlier, had been softened into *h*, or dropped altogether.

The initial mutations are for the most part disregarded, or else used without any grammatical reason, and there is a great deal of undecidedness about spelling, which, however, was often visible in Keigwin's English (see his translations).

THE WEST COUNTRY FOLKS

AND THEIR CURIOSITIES.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell the tales
Of woful ages long ago betid.—KG. RICHARD II.

IT is far from improbable that in ancient days the peninsula of the *Meneâg* was a well-peopled district even up to the time of Edward III. The extraordinary number of its churches would appear to warrant the supposition. In the country districts at the present day the population, from emigration and other causes, is surely decreasing, and it is well attested that the plague at various periods made extensive ravages through the whole county; if we may judge of the number of victims in every part by the register, quoted by William of Worcester, it must have been all but decimation.

"In registro apud Bodman ecclesiam Fratum Minorum, magna pestilencia per universam mundum, inter Saraenos—et postea inter Christianos; incepit primo in Anglia circa kalend, Augusti, et parum

ante Nativitatem Domini intravit villam Bodminiæ, ubi mortui fuerunt circa mille quingentos per estimacionem; et numeros fratrum defunctorum a capitulo generali Lugduniæ celebratum anno Christi 1351. Usque ad aliud sequens capitulum generale, fuit ac fratribus tres decem millia octingenti octaginta tres, exceptis sex vicariis."

And tradition says that the estates of Hawksbramble and Kiddons were annexed to the parish of Exminster in Devon, in recompense of its vicar's manly resolution in burying the dead of the parish to which those estates originally belonged.

Certain it is that, if only a fair proportion of old Cornish records be true, the people of this land must have been a very *hardy* race, worthy successors of the giants of the mythic or the knights of the medieval period.

Some of the native historians are very diffuse in their narratives of extraordinary instances of longevity and activity, and from them one may be selected. Polwhele mentions a Mr. Cole, rector of Landewednack, who was 120 years old when he died in 1683, of whom he had found the following memorandum:—"Thomas Cole, minister of and at the Lizard, went one morn on foot from the Lizard to Penryn, which is at least 13 miles, and returned again the same day on foote to Lizard, at which

time he was at least 120 years, and was met going and coming by Mr. Richard Erisey, of Erisey, as credible authors report." This is at least a wonderful performance for old age.

One of the most notable instances of female strength was "*The Great Betty Caddy*," or Rutter, of this parish of Cury.

She is, says the historian, a very hale, tall, athletic woman, frequents the Helston markets, and is there a noted figure. It is with ease she lifts off her horse, and carries on her shoulders up the steps into the corn market, three (Winchester) bushels of wheat.

Notwithstanding this, and much more to the same purpose in the records of the past century, there is a tradition* that the Lizard people were formerly a very inferior race.

In fact, it is said that they went on all fours, till the crew of a foreign vessel, wrecked on the coast, settled among them, and improved the race so much that they became as remarkable for their stature and physical development as they had been before for the reverse. At this time, as a whole, the Lizard folks have certainly

* Mentioned in Hunt's Popular Romances, 2nd series, p. 267.

among them a very large proportion of tall people, many, both men and women, being six feet high. Query, may not both tradition and history be correct—the one confirmatory of the other, and bearing out the tradition—the Spanish name of Josè is a common one in the headland.

Of Cornwall her sons have been always proud; and, if many of her battle fields are still hidden in the obscurity which necessarily hangs over her early history, enough there is to tell of Cornish prowess and Cornish might. Who that has crossed the Tamar has not heard the famous "Trelawny" song before he returned again, and even in the days of England's early kings, poets were not wanting to vaunt the valour and sing the praise of Arthur's sons?

Michael Blaumpayn, or Michael of Cornwall, who flourished about A.D. 1250, and cited by Camden as the most eminent poet of his age—*i.e.*, the time of Henry III.—has well maintained his country's honour in lines which Fuller has translated for us—

> Non opus est ut opes numerum quibus est opulenta,
> Et per quos inopes sustentat non ope lenta
> Piscibus et stanno nusquam tam fertilis ora.

> We need not number up her wealthy store,
> Wherewith the helpful land relieves her poor,
> No sea so full of fish, of tin no shore.

And after relating how King Arthur always put his Cornishmen in the forefront of the battle he concludes—

> "Quid nos deterret, si firmiter in pede sternus?
> Fraus ni nos superet, nihil est quod non superimus."

> "What should us fright, if firmly we do stand?
> Bar fraud, and there's no force can us command."*

There was a time when the Cornish people were not so used to the inroads of tourists as they are now—a time when it would have been inconceivable to the west country mind that any sane person would travel about for the mere sake of seeing the country, though now the Lizard and Land's End villagers, if none others, have been thoroughly routed out of such a notion.

There are curious stories extant of the *contretemps* that befel travellers in the early part of the last century.

Dr. John Randolph, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, being on a visit to a friend at Gwennap, and detected in the act of drawing plans and exploring the county, was apprehended as a spy. A Mr Salisbury, then of some fame as a botanist, was arrested while he was searching on the Goonhilly Downs for the well-known Erica Vagans, and was

* Quoted in the Journal of the Royal Inst. of Cornwall, No. viii, Apl., 1867, p. 281.

brought before the magistrates at Helston. Captain Bligh, while surveying the harbour of Helford under the direction of the government, was seized and insulted by the "bargees" of the Helford river, under suspicion of being in correspondence with the enemy.

But not only in war time was there trouble of this kind in store for the unwary pilgrim tourist, in peace there was the counter apprehension of thieves and robbers.

It is related of Mr. Edward Lhuyd, the author of the celebrated "Archæologia," that he came into the county at a time when this wide-spread fear was at its height. He and his three companions, knapsacks on their shoulders, much after the fashion of the modern tourist pedestrian, were travelling the county on foot, in the words of the historian, for the better searching for simples, viewing and taking draughts of everything remarkable, and for that reason prying into every hole and corner, and they raised a strange jealousy in a people already alarmed, so much so indeed that, at Helston, as Mr. Lhuyd went about making his enquiries respecting gentlemen's seats, &c., they were taken up as thieves, and only escaped from the unpleasant dilemma by producing their letter of introduction for the magistrate's inspection.

So John Taylor,* the royalist and water poet, relates of his expedition, in 1649, a like dilemma only with a happier result. He says—"9 July I left Stratton and ambled twenty miles to the town of Camelford, and to a village called Blistland, and there I was taken for the man I was not, for they suspected me to be a bringer of writs and processe to serve upon some gentleman and to bring men into trouble, but with much adoe I scaped a beating by beating into their belief I was no such creature."

Lucky escape for him! for the ancient manor of Blisland had jurisdiction over life and limb, and once hung a man for robbing the parish church.

That they ever sustained a character for hospitality none can doubt who has ever found himself a traveller in the county.

One pedestrian, in 1649, walking the county, though under many and manifest disadvantages, writes afterwards—

Cornwall is the Cornucopia—the compleate and repleate Horne of Abundance for high churlish hills and affable courteous people. They are loving to

* This interesting character is very little known. *Vide* John Taylor's Wanderings, etc., printed at London in the yeere 1649.

requite a kindnesse—placable to remit a wrong and tardy to retort injuries.

The country hath its share of huge stones, mighty rocks, noble free gentlemen, bountiful housekeepers, strong and stout men, handsome and beautiful women. . . . In briefe, they are in most plentifull manner happy in the abundance of right and left-hand blessings."

Quaint phraseology, "right and left-hand blessings," but expressive enough.

Of the domestic life of the last century in this favoured county there are numerous pictures drawn, but I give one, because it is that of a writer less known than many, and he describes a scene worth preserving if only as a curious relic of the manners of the times.

The narrator (Mr. Beckford) thus sketches the evening occupation at a house, where he was a guest, in 1787—

"A savoury pig right worthy of Otaheite, and some of the finest poultry I ever tasted, and round the table two or three brace of Cornish gentlefolks not deficient in humour or originality.

"About 8 in the evening 6 game cocks were ushered into the eating room by 2 limber lads in scarlet jackets, and after a flourish of crowings, the noble birds set to with surprising keenness. Tufts

of brilliant feathers soon after flew about the apartment, but the carpet was not injured, for to do Trefusis justice he takes no pleasure in cruelty.

"The cocks were unarmed, had their spurs cut short, and may live to fight such harmless battles again."

According to Carew, in his time, a gentleman and his wife will ride to make merry with his next neighbour, and after a day or two these couples go to a third, and in which progress they increase like snowballs till, through their burdensome weight they break again.

THE SUPERNATURAL.

GOBLINS, GHOSTS, AND MERMAIDS.

" . . . . . Of witching rhymes
And evil spirits; of the death bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from their graves to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life concealed: of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of Hell around the murderer's bed."

AKENSIDE.

"In our childhood our mother's maids have so terrified us with an ugly devil, having horns on his head, fire in his mouth, and a tail in his breech, eyes like a basin, fangs like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a niger (*sic*), and a voyce roaring like a lyon, whereby we start, and are afraid when we hear one cry—Bough!

And they have so frayed us with bul-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylens, kit with the caustick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, gyants, imps, culcars, conjurers, nymphes, changlings, incubus, Robin Goodfellow, the spoon, the mare, the man in the oak, the hellwain, the fire-drake, the puckle, Tom Thumbe, hob-goblin, Tom-tumbler, boneless, and such other bugs, that we are afraid of our owne shadowes, insomuch that some never fear the devil but in a dark night," &c.—"DISCOVERY OF WITCHCRAFT," Regd. Scot, 1665.

A STRONG belief in the supernatural has ever been a characteristic of the dwellers in this far west, and certainly the stores of narratives concerning fairies, ghosts, and goblins, that fill up the folk lore of west Cornwall, seems to be utterly inexhaustible.

Giants, fairys, knockers, and mermaids, all come in for their share in the legendary literature of the countyside, and the parishes of Cury and Gunwalloe have furnished the theme of more than one such story.

It has been said—

> "The Cornish drolls are dead, each one,
> The fairies from their haunts are gone:
> There's scarce a witch in all the land,
> The world has grown so learn'd and grand."

John Jewell, of Trevergy, would have told a different tale; for of him is related a story that is worth repeating—

> "I cannot tell how the truth may be,
> I say the tale as 'twas said to me."—SCOTT.

A certain John Jewell, of Trevergy, in the parish of Cury, was a very superstitious man, full of dread of goblins, ghosts, and uncanny things of the like nature.

His neighbours, the Boadens, two or three brothers, noted as stout strong lusty men in days when such men were more numerous than now, detertermined to have a practical joke at his expense. A valley laid between their two farms, and John Jewell must pass their homestead on his way home from Helston market.

Adjoinining Millewarne was a mill, disused at that time, the wheel of which was detached. One day, as soon as farmer Jewell had left for market, the brothers got the huge mill wheel up the hill, and placing it in a convenient spot, bound to it bushes of furze and ferns and combustible branches.

Evening came, and with the darkness came John Jewell. The watchers listened to his horse's steps as they plodded slowly homeward down the hill; soon they heard Trevergy gate slam, as the farmer passed through to traverse the opposite hill; then they set light to their novel catherine wheel, and rolling it down the declivity let it run. Faster and faster, as it gathered speed, jump, bump, over every obstacle went the flaming wheel blazing on every side.

John Jewell turned, and saw coming down the hill, as he thought, the evil one enveloped in flames and smoke. His imagination supplied what sight denied, and his fright was intensified as the ghostly apparition gained on him despite his horse's efforts; anyhow, through the gate that barred his way, he smashed horse and all, and never pulled up till he reaches his own door fainting and half dead with fright.

The next day the whole country round turned

out to see the tracks his majesty had made. They saw the gates smashed through by the fugitive farmer, and at the bottom of the hill they found the wheel with its burned out covering of branches charred and blackened. It is evident the Cornish farmer did not believe the description of the evil spirit which the poet gives—

> "I'll tell you what now of the devil;
> He's no such horrid creature; cloven-footed,
> Black, saucer-ey'd, his nostrils breathing fire,
> As these lying Christians make him."
>
> MASSINGER'S "Virgin Martyr," 1658.

The truth of the above story is thoroughly vouched for by the members of the Boaden family now living in Cury, and the story was itself related to me by the great nephews of the principal actors. It is akin to many of the fireside tales of the country round; for almost every member of the population is touched more or less by the fear of the supernatural; and, to a stranger, the superstition of the Cornish is wonderful — exceeding that of most other counties. There has always existed a popular belief in *mermaids*. One story is transcribed here, though recorded elsewhere, because of its connection with Cury. It is contained in Hunt's "Popular Drolls and Traditions of Old

Cornwall"*—though I have heard the same dished up with little etceteras of addition or emendations more than once in my rambles through the west.

THE OLD MAN OF CURY.

"In old wive's daies that in old time did live,
To whose odde tales much credit men did give,
Great store of goblins, fairies, bugs, nightmares,
Urchins and elves to many a house repairs."—OLD POEM.

More than a 100 years since, on a fine summer day, when the sun shone brilliantly from a cloudless sky, an old man from the parish of Cury, or, as it was called in olden time, Corantyn, was walking on the sands in one of the coves near the Lizard point.

The old man was meditating, or at least he was walking onward, either thinking deeply or not thinking at all—that is, he was "lost in thought"—when suddenly he came upon a rock on which was sitting a beautiful girl with fair hair, so long that it covered her entire person. On the in-shore side of the rock was a pool of the most transpa-

* And also related in Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall.

rent water, which had been left by the receding tide in the sandy hollow the waters had scooped out The young creature was so absorbed in her occupation—arranging her hair in the watery mirror, or in admiration of her own lovely face, that she was unconscious of an intruder.

The old man stood looking at her for some time ere he made up his mind how to act. At length he resolved to speak to the maiden.

"What cheer, young one?" he said, "what art thee doing there by theeself, then, this time of day." As soon as she heard the voice she slid off the rock entirely under the water. The old man could not tell what to make of it. He thought the girl would drown herself, so he ran on to the rock to render her assistance, conceiving that in her fright at being found naked by a man she had fallen into the pool, and possibly it was deep enough to drown her. He looked into the water, and sure enough, he could make out the head and shoulders of a woman, and long hair floating like fine seaweeds all over the pond, hiding what appeared to him to be a fish's tail.

He could not, however, see anything distinctly, owing to the abundance of hair floating around the figure. The old man had heard of mermaids from the fishermen of Gunwalloe, so he conceived this

lady must be one, and he was at first very much frightened. He saw that the young lady was quite as much terrified as he was, and that from shame or fear she endeavoured to hide herself in the crevices of the rock and bury herself under the sea-weeds.

Summoning courage, at last the old man addressed her, "Don'tee be afraid my de-ear, you needn't mind me. I wouldn't do ye any harm. I'm an old man, and wouldn't hurt ye any more than your grandfather."

After he had talked in this soothing strain for some time the young lady took courage, and raised her head above the water. She was crying bitterly, and, as soon as she could speak, she begged the old man to go away.

"I must know, my dearie, something about ye, now I have caught ye. It is not every day that an old man catches a merrymaid, and I have heard some strange tales of you water ladies. Now, my dear, don'tee be afraid, I wouldn't hurt a single hair of that beautiful head. How came ye here?"

After some further coaxing she told the old man the following story:—She and her husband and little ones had been busy at sea all the morning, and they were very tired with swimming in the hot sun; so the merman proposed that they should

retire to a cavern which they were in the habit of visiting in Kynance Cove. Away they all swam, and entered the cavern at mid-tide. As there was some nice soft weed, and the cave was deliciously cool, the merman was disposed to sleep, and told them not to wake him until the rise of the tide. He was soon fast asleep, snoring most lustily. The children crept out, and were playing on the lovely sands; so the mermaid thought she should like to look at the world a little.

She looked with delight at the children rolling to and fro in the shallow waves, and she laughed heartily at the crabs fighting in their own funny way. "The scent from the flowers came down over the cliffs so sweetly," said she, "that I longed to get nearer the lovely things which yielded those rich odours, and I floated on from rock to rock until I came to this one, and finding that I could not proceed any further, I thought I would seize the opportunity of dressing my hair."

She passed her fingers through those beautiful locks, and shook out a number of small crabs and much broken sea-weed. She went on to say that she had sat on the rock amusing herself, until the voice of a mortal terrified her, and until then she had no idea that the sea was so far out, and a long dry bar of sand between her and it.

"What shall I do! What shall I do! Oh, I'd give the world to get out to sea. Oh, oh, what shall I do!"

The old man endeavoured to console her; but his attempts were in vain. She told him her husband would "carry on" most dreadfully if he woke and found her absent, and he would be certain of awaking at the turn of the tide, as that was his dinner time. He was very savage when he was hungry, and would as soon eat the children as not if there was no food at hand. He was also dreadfully jealous, and if she was not at his side when he awoke, he would at once suspect her of having run off with some other merman. She begged the old man to bear her out to sea. If he would but do so, she would procure him any three things he could wish for. Her entreaties at length prevailed; and, according to her desire, the old man knelt down on the rock with his back towards her. She clasped her fair arms around his neck, and locked her long finny fingers together on his throat. He got up from the rock with his burden, and carried the mermaid thus across the sands. As she rode in this way, she asked the old man to tell her what he desired.

"I will not wish," said he, "for silver or gold, but give me the power to do good to my neighbours;

first, to break the spells of witchcraft ; next, to charm away diseases; and thirdly, to discover thieves and restore stolen goods."

All this she promised he should possess ; but he must come to a half-tide rock on another day, and she would instruct him how to accomplish the three things he desired. They had reached the water ; and, taking her comb from her hair, she gave it to the old man, telling him he had but to comb the water and call her at any time, and she would come to him. The mermaid loosened her grasp ; and, sliding off the old man's back into the sea, she waved him a kiss and disappeared. At the appointed time the old man was at the half-tide rock—known to the present time as the Mermaid's Rock—and duly was he instructed in many mysteries.

Amongst others he learned to break the spells of witches from man or beast ; to prepare a vessel of water, in which to shew to any one who had property stolen the face of the thief ; to charm shingles, tetters, St. Anthony's fire, and St. Vitus's dance, and he learnt also the mysteries of bramble leaves, and the like.

The mermaid had a woman's curiosity, and she persuaded her old friend to take her to some secret place from which she could see more of the dry land, and of the funny people who lived on it,

"and had their tails split, so that they could walk."

On taking the mermaid back to the sea, she wished her friend to visit her abode, and promised even to make him young if he would do so, which favour the old gentleman respectfully declined. A family, well known in Cornwall, have for some generations exercised the power of charming. They account for the possession of this power in the manner related. Some remote great-grandfather was the individual who received the mermaid's comb, which they retain to the present day, and show as evidence of the truth of their being supernaturally endowed.

Some people are unbelieving enough to say the comb is only a part of a shark's jaw. Sceptical people are never loveable people.

"Such is life !— . . .
The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attained another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before, yet compassed round
With the same dangers and the same dismay :
And we poor pilgrims in the dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial happiness, to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat !"

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TRADITIONS, OLD CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

"Though motley images you weave,
Yet mingle with them something clear,
'Mid much that's false, and may deceive,
Let some small sparks of truth appear."
GOETHE'S "FAUST."

"Who shall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye as ever he can:
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new."
CHAUCER.

THAT the Cornish as a race are a very superstitious people,* no one who knows anything at all of them will for a moment doubt. It would take far too long to tell even a list of the common beliefs in the supernatural. The charms and superstitious customs of Cornwall would make a book themselves; but there

* An instance may be mentioned to the point. A correspondent in the *West Briton* newspaper, Jan. 4, 1867, signing himself "Tre," mentions that in the latter part of the last century a wealthy farmer was offered the estate of Bochym at a very moderate price, but he refused to purchase, on account of the name "Bochim," the vale of weeping, though the meaning and derivation of the word is a moot point. This incident, if true, tends to illustrate the popular superstition of the West.

are a few that deserve to be remembered here, as still observed among the country folk, though slowly disappearing before the materialistic opinions of a matter-of-fact age.

Every one who has travelled in Cornwall will recollect the large number of magpies seen, oftentimes many together. It is due to the veneration paid to the pied bird by the unlearned mind, which devoutly believes in omens, though it is difficult to arrive at a just conclusion as to the orthodox magpie creed, inasmuch as I have heard both of the following quoted in West Barbary :—

To see one magpie bodes no good but rather bad luck; two, good fortune; three, a "berrin;" four, a wedding; and the old Derbyshire couplet is also common:

One is a sign of sorrow; two are a sign of mirth;
Three are a sign of a wedding; and four are a sign of a birth.

While to kill a magpie is to commit an outrage not easily forgiven by the Cornish yokel.

In "Notes and Queries,"* is mentioned that, in some parts of Cornwall, some branches of seaweed, dried and fastened in turned wooden stands, are set up as ornaments on the chimney-piece, &c., and thus the poor people suppose they preserve the

* Vol. III., p. 206.

house from fire, while they are known by the name of "Lady's Trees," in honour of the Virgin Mary.

While I question the last inference, it is yet a fact that such *trees* of seaweed are placed in the houses as ornaments. I myself have seen them in the parish of Gunwalloe.

It was always considered an extremely unlucky thing, and sure to bring misfortune, to remove the stones or cromlechs that abound in the fields and highways; and one only regrets that this of all the local superstitions has not penetrated to the present day; had it done so, we should have to mourn the loss and mutilation of fewer of the memorials of the early ages than now is the case; but in Borlase's time the islanders at Scilly looked upon him with anything but favour* as he went about among them exploring their barrows and mounds, for he roused the giants, so they said, provoking them to exert their baneful influence, and in thus disturbing their graves was the cause of the failure of crops, and indeed every other evil that came to the affrighted Scillomans.

Now-a-days the difficulty is to preserve anything of an antiquarian character, though it must in fairness be said there are some remnants of the old

* Borlase's "Scilly Islands," p. 32, *et seq.*

superstition respecting stones and cromlechs remaining, for I have heard occasionally from the more elderly among the old inhabitants how unlucky it is and must ever be to the farmer, to disturb the upright stones so often found upon the land.

Reference has been made in a previous chapter to the superstitions respecting the medicinal properties of the ash-tree in effecting a cure on weakly children.

There is one charm, among the many, for sciatica, which, common in Devonshire, near Exmoor, I have nevertheless heard of in Cornwall, though nowhere else. It is the "bone-shave."

The patient should lie on his back on the bank of a brook or stream of water, placing a straight stick or staff by his side full length betwixt him and the water, the following words being repeated near him :—

> Bone-shave right,
> Bone-shave straight,
> As the water runs by the stave,
> Good for the Bone-shave.

With faith (?) a perfect cure is the result.

There are many charms for sciatica common to Devon *and* Cornwall—the knuckle-bone of a leg of mutton, a raw potato, a piece of loadstone; either of these carried in the trouser pocket or

round the neck is a cure. But the bone-shave certainly surpasses these in curiosity.

While these pages were preparing for the press, a curious instance of the prevailing faith in charms occurred to the writer. The child of a poor woman, in one of the poorest districts of Truro, was scalded dreadfully by turning over a kettle of boiling water upon itself. The writer was sent for, and recommended its removal to the infirmary, or certain simple remedies. The advice was declined, as the mother had just had the child charmed by a professional charmer hard by, and was quite sure no ill effect would therefore ensue.

In the works of John Heiwood, newlie imprinted, 1598, is the following charm :—

> I claw'd her by the backe in way of a charme,
> To do me not the more good, but the less harme.

Some of the customs in connection with Holy Wells are mentioned in the chapter on Gunwalloe, p. 182 ; and though the practice of consulting these sainted streams is dying out, they are intensely interesting as being relics of ancient divination, transmitted from age to age in Cornwall.

Indeed, in old times, great must have been the veneration paid to the deities presiding over the elements, if we judge by the remains of ancient customs.

To "whistle for the wind" is the result of the ancient belief that the whistling will call up spirits of the air to aid the progress of winnowing the corn.

The bonfires* kindled on the eves of S. John Baptist and S. Peter's Day, when the people go from village to village bearing lighted torches, form another link which connects the present with the past.

Midsummer, the time when these rejoicings are held, is called by the Cornish folk Goluan, which means "light and rejoicing," and other remnants of ancient fire-worship are to be found in the Carn Leskqz, or burning rocks, of which there are several, one on the Bonython estate in Cury.

The rejoicings of the ancients at the approach of spring are perpetuated in these days by the modern Cornish, who, on the 1st May, deck the doors and porches of their houses with boughs of trees, and plant boughs before their houses; but these observances culminate in the Furry or Flora at Helston on 8th May, which is perhaps THE most popular of the ancient festivals.

More than one writer on these ancient customs bears witness that, fifty years ago, these Maypole

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* Borlase's "Antiquities," p. 130. Polwhele, Vol. I., p. 49.

dances of May were common in West Cornwall, and were carried on at a still *later* date in the eastern part of the county.

As to the word Furry, there is much difference of opinion. Some think it comes from the expression in the Furry song—

"They both are gone to *fair—O!*"

others that it is derived from φερω, to carry; and the rites of the Furry curiously do correspond with the Ανθεσφορια, a Sicilian festival, so named απο του φερειν ανθεα, or "from carrying flowers, in commemoration of the rape of Proserpine, whom Pluto carried off as she was gathering flowers—"*herself a fairer flower!*"*

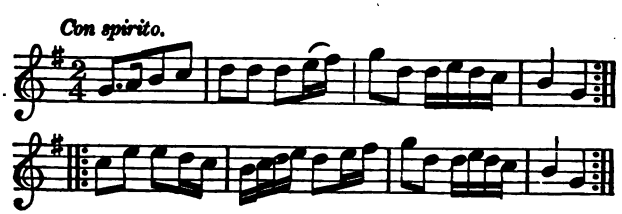
At any rate, the 8th May at Helston is ushered in by music of drums and kettles (so says Polwhele, a modern band, however, has succeeded the ancient music), and the day is given up to general holiday-making. In the forenoon, the revellers being gathered together, they all *fadé* into the country (fadé being an old English word for go), and return with flowers and sprigs of oak. A procession is then formed of a company of dancers, and they dance hand-in-hand through the streets right round the town, going into every house as they pass along, in one door, out the

* Potter's "Antiquities," Vol. I. "Gent's Mag.," Vol. LX., pp. 520, 875, 1100. Polwhele, Vol. I., p. 41.

other. They are accompanied by a band (which has ousted the ancient fiddle) playing a particular tune called the Furry Song.

Two or three processions are made up during the afternoon, and the proceedings conclude by a ball in the evening, at which the whole neighbourhood assists, the festivities being kept up all over the town till late.

The tune for the Furry dance is said to be a remnant of British music, and one very like it, if not the same, is known in Ireland. It is preserved in "Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards," by Edward Jones, and the following will give some notion of the air as played in Helston streets every 8th of May to the present time :—



The chorus seems to be a translation of the original song, and simply expresses joy at the

departure of the winter and incoming of the spring :—

And we were up as soon as any day—O !
And for to fetch the summer home—
The summer and the May—O !
For summer is a come—O !
And winter is a gone—O !

In the more remote corners of the county are still found similar customs and remembrances among the older people of others which have become obsolete—the sprinkling of the apple-tree with cider,* the holding up a "neck" of corn at end of harvest, and the church ale, as it was called, are all remnants of these—

With the past and with the present
Quaint old manners still are link'd ;
Olden customs, grave and pleasant,
Ling'ring still, though nigh extinct.—C. T. C.

One of the most curious and inexplicable customs among the tinners of the west (though said to be common among the agricultural people of Bodmin and also the Padstow fishing population)† is that of keeping Paul's Pitcher Day (Jan. 24). On the eve of the Feast of S. Paul, a water pitcher is set up and pelted with stones until

* Also a Devonshire custom. See "Long Ago," pp. 158, 128 ; Polwhele, Vol. I., p. 48.

† Tinner's "Folk Lore," by T. A. Couch, in "Journal Royal Inst.," Vol. II., p. 131.

smashed to atoms. The revellers then adjourn to the neighbouring tavern, where a new pitcher replaces the old one, is repeatedly filled and emptied, and the evening given up to merriment and enjoyment. This festival seems to be intended, in a rough and ready way, to commemorate the first conversion of tin ore into metal—in other words, the discovery of smelting.

THE MANOR OF WYNYANTON.

We wander, alter, dye,
Oh! what a vapour, bubble, puffe of berath,
A neast of wormes, a lumpe of pallid earth,
Is mudwald man; before we mount on high,
Wee cope with change, we wander, alter, dye.
(*Old anagram in Pelynt. Ch.*)

THE struggles of the primitive Britons for centuries with varying success against their conquerors, Saxons, Danes, Saxons, and finally the Normans, came to an end on Oct. 14, 1066, at the battle of Hastings.

At that time Condorus, or Cadocus, a prince of the royal British blood, was Earl or King of Cornwall, and neither Saxon nor Dane had ever dethroned him.*

The Norman Conqueror immediately displaced the last of the British earls in favour of his half-brother, Count Robert of Moretaigne in Normandy, to whom, in the disposition of the country, nearly the whole of Cornwall fell.

When Alfred the Great divided the Saxon kingdom into hundreds, Winnetone was one of the seven

* Hitchens, Vol. I., p. 453.

into which the county was parcelled; and at the time of the Exeter Domesday (1086) Winnenton, or Winnianton, was a considerable manor of thirty-six and a-half hides, and belonged to the King, as pointed out by the very first words of the Survey: "*The King holds* WINETONE," etc.*

Immediately after the Conquest, when the county was re-arranged into nine hundreds, the manor of Winnienton was included in Kerrier.

In 1235 it belonged to Roger Earl of Cornwall, who gave it to Gervase de Harnington.

As early as 1308 (the date usually quoted is 1401) it was the property of the Carminowes, and from them it went, by the marriage of one of their heiresses, to the Trevarthian family.

In Edward IV.'s reign, about 1470-1, it was in the possession of the Reskymers, from whom it passed to the Arundells by marriage, and in 1801 was purchased from them by John Rogers, Esq.,

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* About the year 900 Alfred the Great caused a Book of Survey to be made, much of the same nature as Domesday Book, and it was in existence at Winchester when William the Norman came, but is since lost.

The present Domesday was ordered by William the Conqueror, and begun in the year 1080, and completed in 1086. It is known by several names as Liber de Wintonia, Rotulus Wintonia, Liber Regis, Scriptura Thesauri Regis, and the Liber Censualis Angliæ.

of Penrose, in whose family the manor still continues.

Carminow mill, and all that remains of the house, and chapel once belonging to that ancient family, stands on the bank of the Carminowe creek, on the east side of the Looe pool, at the extremity of Gunwalloe, partly in that parish and partly in Mawgan.

The house must have been one of considerable pretensions, and historians say that there was a fine chapel, but that both fell into decay in the time of the Arundells. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Even the buildings which would remind us of the bygone chivalry of England are no more, and we have to grasp the remnants of the past through the ideal fields of romance. The painted window the carved doorway, the shield on the corbel stone, often all that is left us—

> Those Knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the Saints we trust.

The writer of Iter Connubiense,* lamenting this, asks mournfully, "But where are their habitations? Alas! their escutcheons have long ago mouldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles them-

* Charles Spence, Esq., in the Transactions Exeter Dioc. Architec. Soc., Vol. V., p. 113.

selves are but green mounds and shattered ruins; the place that once knew them knows them no more. How beautifully true! No longer does the champing war-horse paw in the castle-yard! The helmet which once glistened in the sunbeam has long been hanging over the dilapidated tomb, and the plume which floated proudly on the breeze has sunk beneath superincumbent dust, or bowed before the weightier labours of the spider!"

The words of the poet come with doubled force to one's mind:

"Out upon Time! It will leave no more
Of the things to come, than the things before.
Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be:
What we have seen our sons shall see—
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay!"

It is true of the chivalry of Cornwall: true enough of the far-famed Carminowe of Carminowe. The house is gone, the chapel is gone; their only memorial is in the south transept or Carminowe aisle of Mawgan Church, where rest two stone figures, supposed to represent a Carminowe and his wife, and said to have been removed from their own chapel. The Knight is cross-legged, six feet long, and his shield bears the Carminowe "bend."

In Davies Gilbert's History of Cornwall (iii. 132) is the following, from the MSS. of Hals:—"In the local place of Carminow those gentlemen had their ancient domestic chapel and burying-place, the walls and windows whereof are still to be seen, in which place also formerly stood the tombs and funeral monuments of divers one notable person of this family; of which sort, in the beginning of James I. reign, when the chapel was left to run to ruin and decay, the inhabitants of the parish of Mawgan, out of respect to the memory of those gentlemen, brought from thence two funeral monuments in human shape, at full length, made of alabaster, freestone, or marble—man and woman, I take it—curiously wrought, and cross-legged, with two lions couchant under their feet, and deposited or lodged them in this parish church of S. Mawgan, where they are yet to be seen, though the inscriptions and coat armour thereof are now obliterated and defaced by time."

That there should be so very few and scanty notices of so ancient a family, is not only surprising, but a matter of great regret. What romances may there not be hidden away in the dim past of Carminow, if we could only light upon them! That they were as a race of great antiquity, repute, and influence, there is no doubt;

indeed, it has been said that they claimed to be descended in a direct male line from King Arthur, and that one of them was ambassador from Edward the Confessor to William the Conqueror, then Duke of Normandy, but the story is quite unsupported.

Robert de Carminow, in Henry III. time, held a Knight's fee, £16 per an.; and he is supposed to be the Sir Robert or Roger* who in 1270 accompanied Prince Edward (afterwards Ed. I.) in the last crusade to the Holy Land.

The Robert de Carminow in 1256 was not yet a Knight, though he held a Knight's fee. He might therefore have been summoned to take up his Knighthood before the last crusade in 1270.

Carew speaks of "Dominus Rogerus de Carminow," who in 1297—twenty-seven years after the crusade—was summoned as a Knight to attend Edward I., and a deed of 1285 mentions Johanna as the widow of the Roger de Carminow,† who probably filled up the gap between his namesake Roger and the Robert of Hals.

William de Carminow, son of Robert, held also

* The accounts of Carew and Hals seem to have confused Robert and Roger.

† From an able paper on the Carminows in the Journal of the Royal Inst. of Cornwall, by J. J. Rogers, Esq., Vol. II., p. 146, who conjectures this Dominus Rogerus to have been the Crusader, whose effigy is in Mawgan Church.

same time as his father, in the reign of Henry III., by Knight's fee, £15 per an., though this is conjectured not to be their whole estate, only what they held "per servicium militare."

Sir John de Carminow (grandson of the Robert above) and his son, Oliverus de Carminow, are both named as men-at-arms, "Milites et Homines ad arma," in the 17th year of Edward II., A.D. 1324, and each of them had £40 per an. in land and rents.

There is a Sir Oliver of Carminow, Knight, who is mentioned as being Lord Chamberlain to Edward II.; but there is a difficulty in reconciling this statement with the other names and facts in the pedigrees of the Carminow family, constructed, so far as it is complete, by J. J. Rogers, Esq., from the title-deeds of the Carminow manor in his possession.

In the reign of Edward III. a Thomas de Carminow was Rector of Mawgan. He was admitted Aug. 6, 1349, and is the first rector of that parish of whom there is any record.

In the will of a representative of an ancient Cornish family—that of Thomas Trethurffe, Esq., A.D. 1528—there is a mention of a Nicholas Carminowe (cosen of the testator), who was probably one of the Boconnoc branch of the Carminow family.

There is a memorial of the Carminowe family in the church of S. Eata, or S. Teath, as it is now called, where the pulpit bears the arms of Carminowe, it having been presented by one of them in 1630.* Their motto, "Cala rag withlow," signifies, "A straw for the tale-bearer" and Gilbert relates that it originated from a law-suit brought by Lord Scroope, in the reign of Edward II., against Carminowe of Carminowe for bearing the same arms as his Lordship, viz., in a field az, a bend or, and which right was afterwards referred to the most learned men of the day, amongst whom was present John of Gaunt. Before this assembly Carminowe proved his right, by his ancestors having borne the arms before the Norman Conquest; but as Scroope was a Baron of the realm, it was ordered that henceforth Carminowe should bear the same coat, with a pile in chief, gules, for distinction.

* Iter Cornubiense, part iii., in the Transactions of the Exeter Dioc. Architect. Soc., Vol. V., p. 113.

THE LOOE POOL.

In Cornwaile's famed land, bye the poole on the moore,
Tregeagle the wickede did dwelle;
He once was a Shepherde, contented and poore,
But growing ambitious, and wishing for more,
Sad fortune the shepherde befelle.—OLD CORNISH POEM.

BOUNDING the parish of Gunwalloe, at its western extremity, partly in that parish and partly in Sithney, is the famous Looe Pool and Bar which forms, by its obstruction to the waters from the hills, one of the largest lakes in the county.

The legend says it was the work of Tregeagle, —and who, in Cornwall, has not heard of the unholy spirit Treageagle?—still employed, and ever at his work, making trusses and ropes of the sea-shore sand.

Time was when Ellas Town (Helston) was a thriving port, with its trading vessels sailing up the estuary to exchange merchandise for tin. But Tregeagle, the wicked Tregeagle, whom all the saints in Cornwall could not lay at rest, did all the mischief. Set to work by the Holy St. Petroc, at Bareppa in Gunwalloe, his task was to carry

sand in sacks across the Looe Pool and empty them at Porthleven till the beach was down to the rocks. Laden with a sack of sand of enormous size, the doomed spirit was wading across the mouth of the Looe, when one of the wicked demons, who were always on the watch for him, tripped him up, and the contents of the sack fell into the sea. There it rests to this day, a bar of sand effectually blocking the entrance to the harbour, and not all the saints in Cornwall or their eloquence availed to undo the demon's and Tregeagle's work.

Anyhow, the bar is there, and time out of mind has been there, though it is said the Phœnicians sailed up the creek to the foot of the Hellaz Hill. There is a curious echo on the water, in some places double and very distinct.

On the western side of the pool is Penrose, reputed to have been the seat of a family of that name from before the Conquest till 1744, when it passed by will of the last owner of the name to his niece Mrs. Cuming, and she in turn sold the manor to Hugh Rogers, Esq., in 1770; in whose family it remains to the present time.

The lake, or pool itself, is a spot of especial interest on account of the physical peculiarities of its obstructing bank of sand; and, more than all, the legendary traditions that float around it, combine

to fix it for all time as one of the many examples of the superstition of the Cornish race.

Fed by the Looe river, and enlarged by smaller hill streams, it spreads itself along the valley which lies between Helston and the sea, and would be but an insignificant estuary indeed but for the bank of sand which forms its chief peculiarity. This, however, bars the waters in until the whole forms a vast lake stretching to the very edge of the town. When the waters are so high it is then necessary to make an artificial outlet, and this is done by "cutting the bar," as it is called; the *modus operandi* being this —a small channel is dug in the sand bank, and once the water percolates through, it speedily enlarges the gap, until with a burst the whole opposing barrier is swept away by the huge torrent into the main sea.

The sight, as may be imagined, is a very grand one, for the meeting of the waters, the pent up lake and incoming ocean waves, throws a huge pile of water into the air many feet.

It has been said this may be seen at a distance of six or eight miles from the shore.

In order, however, to be duly at liberty to perform all this, certain customs and ceremonies are to be observed, and they are so religiously to this day. Permission to break the bar must be asked on

behalf of the inhabitants of Helston of the lord of the manor, and to this day, by ancient custom, the mayor of Helston presents at Penrose, as due, two leathern purses with three halfpence in each, upon which the needful permit is given.

All this reminds one very much of the ancient charters of early kings of England, by which, not only offices, but certain rights were granted without any written charter, but upon observance of certain customs. Edward the Confessor gave the rangership of Berewood forest, with a hide of land, to one Nigel and his heirs to be held by a horn.*

William the Conqueror conveyed the Lordship of Broke to the priory of S. Edmunsbury by supplicating the saint, and laying on the altar a knife wrapped up, in the presence of his nobles.†

Queen Elizabeth, whose lodge is still standing in Fair Mead Bottom, High Beach, in the parish of Waltham, granted the privileges of cutting wood to the poor of the neighbouring parishes upon the tenure of their striking the axe into the forest boughs at midnight on the 11th November each

* Ogborne's History of Essex, p. 164.
† Blomefield's History of Norfolk.

year. Failure in this was forfeiture of the Charter.*

There is a very curious charter extant, in verse, granted by William the Conqueror, found in the register office of Gloucester, and it is worth transcribing.

"I, William Kyng, the third year of my reign,
Give to the Paulyn Roydon, Hope and Hopetown,
With all the bounds both up and down,
From heven to yerth, from yerth to hel,
For thee and thine there to dwell,
As truly as this kyng right is myn,
For a cross-bow and an arrow,
When I sal come to hunt in Jarrow;
And in teken that this thing is sooth
I bite the whyt wax with my tooth
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery
& my thurd son Herry."

If we may believe the earliest MSS. we have of Cornish historians,† there was an instance of this

* In the pleas of the Crown, 12 Edward I., we find—"Robert Hurdyn holds an acre of land and a bakehouse in the town and castle of Lanceveton (Launceston) by the serjeantry of being in the castle of Lanceveton, with an iron helmet and a Danish hatchet (pole-axe), for forty days in the time of war at his own proper costs; and, after the forty days, if the Lord of the castle chooses to detain him in the same castle, it should be at the cost of the said lord."—*Blount's Ancient Tenures, p.* 69.

† Hals' MSS.

very kind of charter of custom in respect of the Looe.

It is said that Edward I. frequented Helston, or designed to do so after the reversion to himself of the earldom of Cornwall, in 1272, by the death of his uncle Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, and that he granted land by the tenure of grand serjeantry to William de Trevelle on condition of bringing a fishhook and boat and nets, at his own proper cost and charges, for the king's fishing in the lake of Helston, whensoever the king should come to Helston, and as long as he should tarry there.

Certain it is that Hel-les-ton was a privileged place long before the Norman Conquest, since the whole hundred of Helston was denominated by it even in Alfred's days, and the name appears in Domesday Book under the title of Terra Regis. In a catalogue of Cornish earls we find that the privileges of the town and manor were incorporated by charter by Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cornwall, third son of Henry II., surnamed Car-Lyon, Cœur-de-lion, by the name of Helston, and the seal affixed to the charter named is a "lion rampant."*

* Brooke's "York Herald." Hals, V. I., p. 28—29.

A curious charter, granted in the second year of King John, runs as follows :—*Johannis Dei Gratia*, &c. Sciatis nos concessisse, etc burgensibus nostris de Helleston villam de Helleston, cum pertinentiis ad firmam, per antiquam firmam et debitam ; et de cremento quatuor librarum habendum et tenendum, quamdiu nobis bene et fideliter servierint, et firmam suam bene reddiderint, reddendo firmam suam per manus suas ad Scaccaria nostra, medietatem ad pasche, et aliam medietatem ad festum sancti Michaelis. Etc siendum quod crementum tale erit quale est firma. Teste, Simone de Pateshull, apud Dorcestriam, 18 Aprilis, Carl. anno 2; Johannis, p. 1, m. 50, p. 1, 96.*

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* Among the fines and amerciaments, in "Madox's History and Antiquities of the Exchequer," are the men of Helston, fined in different sums with other towns, in the reigns of K. K. Richard and John, for grants and confirmation of liberties and exemptions of various kinds.

Homines de Helleston, r. c, de xl marcis & j palefrido com putatis in illis xx marcis & j palefrido prius promissis, pro habenda carta regis quod burgus de Helleston sit liber burgus, & quod burgenses ejus [dem] habeant gildam mercatoriam et quietantiam per totam terram regis de teloneo, pontagio, stallagio et testagio et sullagio ; salvis, in omnibus, libertatibus civitatis Londoniæ. Et pro habendis alijs libertatibus quæ in carta illa continentur."—POLWHELE, Vol. II., p.p. 68, 70, 71, 73.

CONCLUSION.

HERE then the author's pleasant task concludes; if the foregoing pages prove half the interest to the reader they have been to the writer, he will be rewarded.

In this far off land of romance, there is indeed every incentive to give the rein to imagination, and amid the exceeding loveliness of the rock-bound coast, forget the stern realities of life.

Wandering on a calm summer's day by the limpid pools and rocky nooks of Gunwalloe Cove, the poet's ideal may be realized :—

Slow sank the sun into the sapphire sea,
Tinging the dimpling waters with his last
And loveliest beams of light, as the soft breeze
Of evening kiss'd the sea nymphs, and the wave
Rose gently, and as gently fell again,
Soft murmuring. I stood beside a rock,
Whose rugged head look'd up into the sky.
Grey as the handle of the scythe of Time:
But lower down, between the martin's nests,
Rich ruby lichens in the sunset gleam'd
Like golden fingers clasping them around
Lest the rude winds should tear them; and beneath
A dark cliff beetled coldly o'er the deep,
Fringed by the lace work of frail threaded foam
That mermaids weave and hang along the shore."

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